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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE wrongs of Poland have been once more brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. No doubt those wrongs are quite as grievous as they are represented to be by the most ardent friends of that unhappy country. But, looking at the matter as practical men, we fail to perceive what end can be attained by their reiterated discussion in the English Parliament. We have protested, argued, and made speeches, but all in vain, when Poland was in revolt, and when Russia had reason to fear that the sympathy of Europe might take the tangible form of material assistance. But we failed to do any good—failed rather ingloriously, as most people except Earl Russell and Lord Amberley think. All that we did—and that is no subject for boasting—was to keep alive unfounded hopes, and to prolong a disastrous struggle. Now that Russia has conquered, and is more than ever supreme in Poland, it is useless, and worse than useless, to indulge in maundering lamentations over evils and misfortunes which we are powerless to remedy. The best service that we can render the Poles is to maintain silence, and not to aggravate the irritation which necessarily subsists between themselves and their conquerors. But if Mr. Hennessy's declamation against Muscovite misdeeds was ill-timed and undignified, his proposal to repudiate the payment of the Russo-Dutch loan was open to still graver objections. Our obligation to pay the interest of that loan arises out of a transaction quite unconnected with Poland; and it would, indeed, introduce a perilous uncertainty into international engagements if we were to say that because, in our opinion, Russia has broken faith in regard to one treaty, we will violate another. It is clear that if nations were to embark on such a course of retaliation as is recommended by Mr. Hennessy, it would inevitably follow that treaties would become utterly valueless, and no one would ever know whether such documents are or are not worth more than the paper on which they are written. Moreover, it would expose us to some suspicion—to use the gentlest word—if we were to plead sympathy for Poland as an excuse for relieving ourselves from a pecuniary liability. Foreigners would not omit to remark that such sympathy was at any rate very profitable to ourselves. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that Mr. Hennessy's motion received no favour in the House of Commons. They rightly thought that it was their duty to protect the honour of England, even at the risk of leaving the wrongs of an oppressed nationality unredressed.

As we have noticed in another column the discussions in Parliament on the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, it is only necessary to allude here to the Government defeat on

the question of the Fire Insurance Duty. No one ventured to say a word in defence of this impost; and even Mr. Gladstone tacitly abandoned the ground he took up in previous sessions. He confined himself to deprecating any expression of opinion on the part of the Commons until he should have made his financial statement. The House, however, thought that it would be as well he should clearly understand their views while his Budget was still in an inchoate condition. They therefore resolved, by a majority of more than two to one, that a reduction of this most mischievous tax on prudence should take precedence of any fanciful re-adjustment of taxation which may at the present moment be occupying the Chancellor of the Exchequer's fertile brain. We have no hesitation in saying that they took the right, and indeed the only effectual, course to attain the excellent object which they have at heart.

We noticed last week the remarkable speech of M. Rouland in the French Senate. The subsequent debates in that assembly have tended to strengthen the impression that the relations between his Holiness the Pope and the Imperial Government are of a very unfriendly character, and that the Emperor has made up his mind that it is not worth while to conciliate the Church or the rulers thereof. Under any other circumstances, M. Chaix d'Est-Ange, speaking as a Government commissary, would scarcely have reminded the Senate in very blunt terms that France had never been able to obtain from Rome any reforms or genuine liberal institutions; and that, in protecting the Holy Father, her flag had had the misfortune to shelter also all the abuses of the Papal Government. M. Rouher professed to believe that the Pope would and could defend himself against an insurrection on the part of his subjects; but, as a minister of the Sovereign who concluded with Italy the Convention of September last, he could hardly do less. It is more important to remark his emphatic assertion that the French troops could not remain eternally at Rome, and his significant allusions to the late Encyclical. He would scarcely have been instructed to express regret that religion and civilization should clash with each other, to entreat the French clergy to intercede with the Pope, and to proclaim that the French Government would preserve its liberty of action, unless his master had determined that what he calls civilization should override what his Holiness calls religion. It would be affectation on our part if we were to pretend any regret at the differences which have arisen between Powers which we hold to be equally, though in a different way, opposed to progress, liberty, and enlightenment. There can be nothing but gain to mankind from any falling-out between religious despotism at Rome and military despotism at Paris.

The Prussian Parliament have been engaged in discussing

the report on the general state of the public finances, presented by the special committee appointed to inquire into the subject. That document is certainly worthy of all consideration, for it reveals a state of things which is startling, to say the least of it. It shows that the taxation of the Prussian people has been increasing with unprecedented rapidity for the last few years, and that in the absence of constitutional control the augmented national income has been almost exclusively applied in feeding the wants of an overgrown army. In 1849 the expenditure was 94,000,000 thalers, the population being then 16,300,000. In the present year it is proposed to expend 151,000,000 thalers, the population having only risen to 19,500,000. In other words, while population has increased by 17 per cent., expenditure has increased by 59 per cent. According to the details of expenditure, we find that while the military budget was only 22,000,000 thalers in 1849, it is now double that amount. How the rest of the additional expenditure has been incurred, we do not find stated; but it is said that it has not gone to increase official salaries, to promote education, to make roads or bridges, or indeed to promote any other useful object, so far as can be discovered. In all probability, far more has been swallowed up by the army than the King and his ministers think it prudent to admit. We cannot feel surprise that, with such figures before them, even the long-suffering and patient representatives of Prussia are moved to remonstrances. So far as we can gather from the brief accounts which have reached us, they have not only discussed with considerable freedom the unsatisfactory condition of their finances, but have protested with tolerable frankness against the mode in which the Sovereign has set the constitution at defiance by voting his own budget for the last two years. But these are matters which principally concern the Prussian people. Until they do something more than talk, foreigners are not likely to take much interest in protests which do not seem to result in placing any check upon the Royal usurpations. It is more interesting to observe the grounds on which the Minister for War has thought it his duty to defend the military budget. This high functionary is reported to have said:—"I do not believe that it is the intention of the Emperor of the French to declare war against us either to-morrow or the next day, or even at any early period; but he will do so, so soon as his interests demand such a course. Still the exact time cannot be fixed in advance. The necessity of meeting this emergency has, however, induced us to charge ourselves with heavier burdens than we should have otherwise desired." This is certainly a most important declaration. It is scarcely possible to believe that it has been made without some grounds. Surely even a colleague of M. von Bismarck's would not gratuitously impute hostile designs to a friendly Power for the purpose of winning a parliamentary victory over domestic opponents.

The Austrian Reichsrath appears determined to obtain an effective control over the finances of the empire. They are not engaged, like the Prussian Chamber, in contending for the fundamental principle that the Crown has no right to levy taxes without the consent of the national representatives. That is conceded. Their present object is to check the details of financial administration; and in that object men of all parties heartily concur. A short time since the Minister of Finance accused the Committee for the Control of the National Debt—composed of members of both Houses of the Reichsrath—of overstepping its legitimate sphere of action by criticising the mode in which a certain loan had been contracted. This communication on the part of the minister led to an animated debate in the Lower House, which was terminated by M. von Plener's declaration that the Government were not bound to attend to the resolutions of the two Houses. The other day the subject came before the Upper House, in consequence of a resolution, virtually censuring the Committee of Control, being proposed by a supporter of the Government. No doubt it was anticipated that from so aristocratic an assembly, the members of which are known to be entirely devoted to the Throne, no difficulty would be found in procuring a vote which should decisively rebuke the presumption of the Lower House. What then must have been the surprise of the Government, when even the most "reactionary" members of the Upper House stood up stoutly for the right of the committee to pursue the inquiry, and make the observations which had given so much offence? The result was, that,

after a spirited debate, not only was the ministerial proposition rejected, but it was resolved that no censure should be passed upon the committee. This furnishes another proof that the most conservative classes in Austria are, like the most liberal classes, bent upon making constitutional government a reality in that country. It also places in a very conspicuous light the independence of the nobility, who, unlike those of Prussia, disdain to become the mere instruments and puppets of the Sovereign.

The military news from America still continues obscure and indecisive. We have the most contradictory accounts as to the movements of Sherman, and as to the achievements of the army under his command. According to one set of rumours, he had reached the borders of North Carolina; according to others, he was retreating upon Charleston. The probability seems to be that he was actually advancing, but that he was doing so slowly and cautiously, in the presence of a vigilant and active foe. We are told, indeed, that more than one action has been fought between the Federal and Confederate forces in this quarter; but it is utterly impossible to ascertain their true character or importance. All that is certain is that they have not resulted in discouraging the Southern people; for, with however slight reason, the Richmond journals were, at the latest dates, still confident that Sherman would soon be obliged to retreat. That unfortunate commander, General Early, has sustained another defeat in the Shenandoah Valley; and the effect of this must have been to lay Lee's position dangerously open to an attack from the direction of Lynchburg. Indeed it is asserted that he has been compelled to detach a portion of his forces, in order to hold Lynchburg against the enemy, who were expected to assail it either from the Shenandoah Valley or from East Tennessee. Before Richmond all is still quiet; but there are indications that Lee intends to hold the city, and in that case we can scarcely be long without important news from that quarter. In the meantime the Confederates are arming their slaves, and are thus preparing to maintain the struggle with their full strength. Turning from the military to the political intelligence, we have before us Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address. It is in many respects a remarkable document. According to the President, this civil war is God's solemn judgment upon the United States for so long permitting the continuance of slavery. Both North and South are in His eyes equally guilty, says Mr. Lincoln; and for that reason the prayers of neither, for a speedy and triumphant issue, have been heard. This may or may not be so. We cannot ourselves undertake to interpret the ways of Providence with the confidence that seems to be thought becoming in a chief magistrate of the Federal States. Passing over, therefore, the religious part of the Message, we would call attention to the fact that Mr. Lincoln once more distinctly admits that the North did not go to war for the liberation of the slaves, and did not for some time contemplate the extinction of slavery as one of the results of the struggle. Of course, everybody who cared to know, knew that already; but it is a fact so constantly lost sight of, or put out of sight, by Northern sympathisers in this country, that it is not superfluous to point out that it rests upon the undeniable authority of Mr. Lincoln himself. Upon one remarkable part of the inauguration ceremony we have commented in another column. We will only add here, that by the election of Mr. Andrew Johnson to the Vice-Presidency, the Federals have accomplished the apparently impossible task of making Mr. Lincoln appear, by the force of contrast, a statesman and a gentleman.

LORD AMBERLEY.

LORD AMBERLEY has grievously disappointed those who welcomed with generous confidence his entrance into public life. He has more than justified those who laughed at the raw boy who did not yet know his own mind. No young politician of our time has started under fairer auspices; nor has any contrived to cover himself with ridicule in a shorter time. We can, indeed, hardly say that in his case there has been only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; because Lord Amberley has recently taken several steps, each of which has increased the absurdity of his position. As often as we thought that he had reached the bottom, he has astonished us by a new display of his capacity for sinking. We cannot even now venture to assert that he has filled up his full measure of vacillation, or

that he has not yet in reserve some fresh and disagreeable surprise. His future vagaries can, indeed, scarcely matter to anybody, except the electors of Leeds. For, although it is possible that after a long period of probation he may recover the character he has forfeited, his claims to political distinction or importance are not at present seriously regarded by any but the good-natured inhabitants of the Yorkshire borough. It is plain to everyone else that he has hopelessly broken down on his first serious trial; and that if his friends knew what was best for him, they would withdraw him from the conspicuous position which he has unfortunately chosen for the exhibition of his weakness, his irresolution, and his downright silliness. As member for a small Whig borough he would not be out of place in Parliament. He might then be placed under the guidance of some retired Whig statesman, who was willing to become the Mentor of so interesting a Telemachus. Being thus guarded against all temptation to stray from beaten paths, we have no doubt that he would lead a strictly moral and virtuous Whig life—neither flirting with seductive Conservatives nor romping with riotous Radicals—and would end by obtaining the full and complete forgiveness of the “great families” for his early escapades, and for the rash irreverence of his boyish aspirations. But it is difficult to say what may become of him as the member for a great town like Leeds. He will be expected—vainly expected, we imagine—to have a mind of his own, and to be a guide unto himself. He will constantly be called upon to act, or to express opinions with reference to subjects which are new and perplexing. Even by the exhaustive process of questioning him upon everything that occurs to them, and of exacting pledges upon almost everything likely to call for a vote, the electors cannot relieve him from the necessity of occasionally acting as a representative and not as a delegate. Something unforeseen will now and then turn up. There are rocks and shoals in parliamentary life, which are not and cannot be laid down beforehand in the best charts. There are shifting sands and changing currents, which are sadly fatal to inexperienced navigators, who presume to steer their own bark and set their own sails. We tremble for the fate of Lord Amberley’s frail venture in these stormy seas, when we observe how nearly it came to grief on the smooth waters of Leeds, and under the favouring gale of popular admiration for a live lord.

It is little more than six weeks since his lordship startled us by the breadth of his political views—by the generosity of his political sympathies—by the ardour of his reforming zeal. He was rather too enthusiastic, impetuous, and dogmatic; but these we regarded as merely the defects of his age. We liked him all the better for not having a grey head upon green shoulders. We were a little amused at the confidence with which he attacked the most difficult problems, and at the simplicity with which he indulged the most Utopian wishes. But we were more than willing to put up with such faults, on account of the manliness and fearlessness which they seemed to indicate. In this, however, we were mistaken; they really indicated nothing but the noble lord’s proneness to exuberant juvenile declamation. Still, although we should have been sorry that his eloquent words represented no deep convictions, we might have retained some respect for him had he said frankly that he had gone beyond what he really intended, that he had talked the matter over with his father, and that, upon the whole, he had seen reason to moderate his views. What we cannot put up with is the attempt to persuade us that, after a double retraction, Lord Amberley is still the same man in March that he was in January—that he has never even moulted a feather of his advanced Radicalism. Let us see how the matter really stands. On the last day in January his lordship attended a meeting in Leeds. Speaking in support of a resolution distinctly approving Mr. Baines’s bill, he declared that he quite concurred with Mr. Gladstone in holding that it was “the natural state of a free people to be in possession of votes,” and that he thought it was not for those who favoured an extension, but for those who supported a limitation of the franchise, to make out their case. He hoped that the day would come when every honest and intelligent man would have a vote; and although he was not quite prepared to go at once for universal suffrage, he intimated that he was somewhat discontented with so moderate an instalment of reform as would be given by a £10 county and £6 borough franchise. Not only did he hint no doubt as to the fitness of the £6 householders to become voters, but he expressly deprecated any very nice or critical examination into their qualification. He pointed out that nothing of the kind was done with regard to the rich, and he strenuously contended that it was therefore unjust to stand on trifles in dealing with the poor. So far, indeed, was he from enter-

taining any reluctance to admit the £6 householders to the franchise, that he insisted they had quite as much political virtue and capacity as the great body of the House of Lords. Of course, everyone understood that he was prepared to go at least as far as Mr. Baines, and that the only difficulty he felt was in slackening his pace to suit the over-cautious steps of his future colleague. Under this impression we remained until the end of last week; but we then learned, to our great surprise, that his lordship was not, after all, ready to vote for Mr. Baines’s measure. Nor did it seem to us that there could be any mistake as to his reason for thus harking back. At the first meeting which he addressed in Leeds, on his second visit, he did not attempt to hide the fact that his opinions had undergone a change. “Up to a very recent period,” he said, “I certainly should have said decidedly that I was in favour of Mr. Baines’s bill.” Why could he not say as much then? Was it because this was so miserable a measure as to be unworthy the support of the heir of the house of Russell? No; but “because it is impossible for any one not living himself amongst the working classes, not being on familiar relations with them, and not actually knowing personally the £6 householders, to say whether they are persons who ought to be admitted to the suffrage.” Many of them, he added, might be entitled to a vote, but others were not; and he specified a particular section—those who were guilty of the crime of living in £6 houses when they could afford to live in £10 houses—who certainly could put in no fair claim to the franchise. Here again there appeared no room for mistake; we should have thought it clear beyond a doubt that his lordship declined to go with Mr. Baines because that gentleman now seemed to him as much too rash as he had formerly seemed too timid. So the meeting understood; for they passed a resolution, not declaring that they would have the £6 franchise—that and nothing else, neither more nor less—but that “no candidate will satisfy the liberal electors of this borough whose opinions do not go at least so far as to support the £6 borough franchise.” How did Lord Amberley receive that resolution? Did he act upon the hint contained in the words we have italicized, and accept the permission which they gave him to vote for some more extended franchise after which he sighed? Not a word of the kind fell from him; he simply contented himself with expressing his sorrow that he could not agree with those whom he was addressing.

The next night, however, he was once more, not exactly the Lord Amberley of January, but still the Lord Amberley that Leeds desired. He had during the previous twenty-four hours “seen numbers of the working classes in Leeds, and was so satisfied with their intelligence that he should now vote for Mr. Baines’s bill.” A more absurd reason for changing his opinion could hardly have been given—indeed, it is so absurd that it would be a mere waste of words to point out why it is so. But that was literally all the noble lord had to say in vindication of his sudden conversion. It was his case that he had been converted by those wonderfully intelligent six-pounders, who had been presented to him as samples of the working classes of England. He stood, without remonstrance, on the stool of penitence, and bore uncomplainingly the treatment of one who has repented after having gone astray. He was solemnly forgiven; was taken once more to the large heart of Leeds; and was then and there invited to stand in the Liberal interest at the next election. Of course no one of common sense could entertain the slightest doubt as to what had taken place. Having been first talked out of the Radicalism of January by his friends in London, Lord Amberley had next been talked out of the Whiggism of March by his friends in Leeds. To use a common phrase, the “screw had been put on,” and his lordship yielded to the pressure rather than forego so tempting a prize as the representation of a great manufacturing borough. Well, that was bad enough; but still, if his lordship had stopped there, we might have been content to remark that he had done no more and no worse than a great many other young men whose ambition exceeds their discretion, their clearness of head, and their force of character. Unfortunately, however, his lordship would not let matters rest. His spirits rose with his success. He was determined to accept nothing less than complete rehabilitation. He could not figure as a regenerated sinner, when in truth he was an uncompromising Reformer, whose faith had never known spot or blemish. Although, therefore, he could not and did not quarrel with the accuracy of the reports of his previous speeches, he had the audacity to declare that “the one reason which weighed seriously with me was that, desiring a larger measure than that provided by the bill of Mr. Baines, I was afraid that the adoption of that bill might rather retard the advent of this larger measure.” If that was his reason, why

did he not say so? Or rather, we should ask, why did he say exactly the reverse? But it is idle to enter upon a discussion with a man who tells you coolly that black is white; and that you are either malevolent or a fool if you do not see it. No one who can read and understand plain English will be deluded for a moment by Lord Amberley's imprudent attempt to shuffle out of an unpleasant position by means that we would rather not describe. But that was not all. His lordship vehemently resented the imputation that having refused to give a pledge on Wednesday, he had given it on Thursday under pressure. Nothing, he would have us believe, can be more false than such an impression, since, before he recanted his recantation, his friends had already accepted him as the liberal candidate. Possibly his "friends" may have done so, but the electors of Leeds had not; and we are quite certain that they would not. His "friends" must have performed their duty very ill if they did not inform him that his chance of being returned for the borough depended upon his ability to swallow the six-pounders. That such an intimation had no effect in quickening his appreciation of the virtues and abilities of that interesting class, is somewhat rather more than we can be expected to believe. We do not propose to discuss the opinions which Lord Amberley gave on various other points. After his painful exhibition on the question of the franchise, it is not worth while to inquire what he does or does not think. For those who care to know, the shortest and best way will be to inquire what any considerable or powerful section of the liberal electors of Leeds think. That will, at all events, show the way in which his lordship is likely to vote. And this is the man whom one of our greatest manufacturing towns delights to honour! There must really be something divine about a lord when the rough Yorkshire democracy worship such an idol. They might command the services of a man of capacity, of tried devotion to the liberal cause, of conspicuous talents, and of stirring eloquence. They deliberately prefer a juvenile aristocrat, who does not know his own mind; who has no settled opinions; and who has not even the ingenuousness along with the levity of youth. And yet some people say that the House of Lords is in danger!

THE JUDGMENT IN THE COLENZO CASE.

DR. COLENZO is still a Bishop of the Church of England. He has obtained from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a declaration that the whole of his Metropolitan's proceedings against him are absolutely null and void. It is Dr. Gray's own fault that in the moment of his defeat he will be left with scarcely a single sympathizer. The theological opinions of the Bishop of Natal command the approval of very few, and have been severely criticized in the columns of this journal, but in his battle with an ecclesiastical arrogance as mischievous as it is unfounded, we have from the beginning been among his advocates. It is doubtless difficult to teach a man of Dr. Gray's peculiar temperament anything. But two such lessons as the judgments in the recent case and in that of Mr. Long cannot be entirely thrown away. How much they were required may be seen from the news brought by the last Cape mail. The Diocesan Synod, we read in the *South African Advertiser*, has been deliberating on the relation of the Colonial to the mother Church. "By the clergy generally, and especially by the Lord Bishop," says the report, "it was held that the Queen's supremacy does not extend over the Colonial Church, and that, should the Judicial Committee decide upon restoring Dr. Colenso to his episcopate at Natal, it would be the duty of the Church here to ignore that decision, and of the Metropolitan, at all hazards, to consecrate another Bishop in his place." This is "tall talk" indeed, but we shall not be much surprised to see an attempt made to follow it up by corresponding action. In a recent charge to his clergy, Dr. Gray told them that the Church at the Cape was exactly in the same position as the Church of England would be, were the views of the Liberation Society carried out. It is really lamentable that a prelate who holds his position by the letters patent of the Queen and by them alone, should indulge in such rhodomontade and be at the pains ostentatiously to proclaim himself a dissenter. There is no security that these rash words may not be followed by illegal acts. Dr. Gray may possibly try to fulfil the threat contained in his lately published *Journal*, that he will, if necessary, consecrate a rival bishop under a tree. An enthusiastic Wesleyan friend was so pleased with this gallant resolution, that he declared he would come and "raise a psalm tune" on the auspicious occasion. Fortunately, however, the ceremony of consecration requires the presence of three bishops, and we trust that

Bishop Gray will be unable to induce any of his brethren to join with him in pursuing a course, at once un-Christian and undignified.

We shall not weary our readers by recapitulating the facts of Dr. Colenso's case, but shall simply indicate the three important questions decided by the judgment delivered last Monday. They affect the *status* of the Church in every colony in possession of an independent legislature, and one of them affects the relation of a Metropolitan to his suffragans at home as well as abroad. First, then, it is decided that the letters patent of the Crown, issued by virtue of its prerogative, cannot alone constitute a bishopric or confer ecclesiastical jurisdiction, in a colony having an independent legislature. They may perhaps be sufficient to confer on their holder the *status* of bishop, but of a bishop without a diocese. They may give him a name, but cannot give him a local habitation. The clauses usually inserted in the patents of colonial bishops, therefore, which were supposed to confer ecclesiastical jurisdiction over a given diocese or province, are so much waste paper. To make them worth anything, they must be ratified by the local legislature of the colony to which they are intended to apply. Now the colonies of Cape Town and Natal both possess Parliaments, but neither the authority of Dr. Gray nor that of Dr. Colenso has been confirmed by any legislative Act. Accordingly both these prelates are at present merely entitled to the episcopal name, but, except so far as the oath taken to them by their clergy may confer it, have not a particle of episcopal authority. It will be observed that Dr. Colenso has thus been to some extent hoist on his own petard. He has blown up his adversary's position, but is himself buried in the ruins.

But assuming that Bishop Gray's letters patent are sufficient in law to confer on him the *status* of Metropolitan, and to create between him and the Bishops of Grahamstown and Natal the relation of Metropolitan and Suffragans, the second question arises as to the power of the Crown to confer *coercive* authority upon the Metropolitan over his Suffragans. The Committee have decided that the Crown has no such power. Spiritual authority may be incidental to the office of bishop, but "no metropolitan or bishop of any colony having legislative institutions can, by virtue of the Crown's letters patent alone (unless granted under an Act of Parliament, or confirmed by a colonial statute), exercise any coercive jurisdiction, or hold any court or tribunal for that purpose." For this second reason, therefore, the whole proceedings before Dr. Gray, in his pretended court, fall to the ground. The Metropolitan, the Bishop of Grahamstown, and Dr. Twells—who, it may be remembered, was called in, although a mere outsider, with no more to do with Cape Town than with Canterbury, to make up the magic number of three—were all actors in a solemn farce. The trial, from beginning to end, was as unsubstantial as a dream. Just as in "High Life Below Stairs," the footmen and butlers play at being dukes and earls, so these three unauthorized individuals played at being judges, and shot a harmless bolt against another person whom they supposed to be Bishop of the territorial district of Natal. The affair would be merely laughable were it not deeply to be regretted that a colony on the very frontiers of Christianity, where harmony and order should especially prevail, should have been made the theatre of such an imbecile display.

The decision upon the second point impliedly, though not directly, affects the bishops of the Church at home. There can be little doubt, now, that not only no colonial, but no English Metropolitan, can deprive a suffragan. The one authority to the contrary is the case of the Bishop of St. Davids, which, as we have pointed out in former articles, is very unsatisfactory and unreliable. Probably the only way of proceeding against a heretic prelate, whether in England or abroad, is by petitioning the Crown to appoint a tribunal to investigate the charges made against him. This course is still open to the Bishop of Cape Town in the present case, and we believe he might safely take it. It is of the greatest importance both to the Church and to Dr. Colenso himself that the real merits of his case should be tried. We believe that we have indicated the only mode of trying them, and unless Dr. Gray determines to yield altogether, we hope he will adopt it, and refrain from his project of installing a rival bishop at Natal.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the third question dealt with by the Judicial Committee. An attempt was made to show that, by his oath of canonical obedience, Dr. Colenso had—to use a legal phrase—"attorned" to Dr. Gray. The answer to this argument is very simple. It is not competent for one man, by voluntary submission, to confer illegal powers upon another. Dr. Colenso, we should say, wholly denied that he had ever meant to acquiesce in the pretensions of his

Metropolitan. His oath, in his view, only amounted to a promise to obey Dr. Gray in *lawful* commands, not in those unlawful. The Privy Council had already, in Mr. Long's case, decided that this was all such an oath could mean, if it meant anything at all, and had held that Mr. Long was not bound to attend an illegal synod to which Dr. Gray had summoned him. We presume that it is on this oath of obedience that the discipline of the colonial church must for the future rest. If it be found an inadequate foundation, the clergy and their bishop will be obliged to enter into a more detailed and specific contract.

Our readers will have noticed that the Judicial Committee treated the appellant and respondents as bishops of the Church established by law in England. And it is right that they should be so considered. Dr. Colenso seems satisfied with that position, but his opponent kicks hard against it. A glorious vision had arisen before the mind of the Bishop of Cape Town. He saw in the distant future a "Church of South Africa," the successor of the famous Church of the earlier centuries, of which he should himself be the undisputed head, and where he would be able to wield autocratic power unchecked by Crown or Council. He has received a rude awakening, and we can imagine the disappointment he must suffer when he finds he is only the possessor of the empty title of a bishop of the Church of England, without authority, without a diocese, without a province.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC OATH.

THE relieving from a multiplicity of oaths has been a principle steadily pursued by the Legislature for a quarter of a century. The old formulas which sought to bind the tongue to truth, and the heart to patriotism, by binding the conscience to a religious dogma, have been in a great number of cases got rid of in courts of justice and in civil employments. Nobody now is, in a witness-box, compelled to swear against his sense of what is right, except an atheist, who sometimes vindicates his title to credibility by refusing to take God's name in vain. At this moment a bill is in unopposed progress through the House of Lords, having already passed the House of Commons, for extending the rule to a court in Scotland from which, by technical neglect, its application had been excluded. And every year we pass, as matter of course, an Act for indemnifying from penalties all those who have failed to take the oaths required on appointment to offices. It is in consistency, then, with the tendency of the age that Mr. Monsell invites us to reconsider the nature of the oath imposed upon Roman Catholics by the Emancipation Act of 1829. It may be convenient to our readers that we should present in full this elaborate promise of good behaviour. It is as follows:—

"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts which shall be made against her person, Crown, and dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them. And I do faithfully promise to maintain, support, and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the Crown, which succession, by an Act intituled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants; hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the Crown of this realm. And I do further declare that it is not an article of my faith, and that I do renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion that princes excommunicated by the Pope, or any other authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any other person whatsoever; and I do declare that I do not believe that the Pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. I do swear that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws. And I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law within this realm: and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever. So help me God."

This is certainly a most copious and comprehensive profession. It expresses, we are bound to believe, the sentiments of all our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; for they have all, when occasion required, accepted it for the last thirty-five

years. It contains, therefore, nothing which excludes them from the positions of honour and trust to which it is the doorway. This being the case, it is not very easy to see why it should be now-a-days imposed on them at all. A declaration which everybody can make is at least useless for the purpose of keeping anybody out. But, on the other hand, it is argued that there can be no reason to change what everyone accepts. To this, however, the reply is, that the mere fact of requiring it is an insult, not the less stinging because it is by implication, and that the material parts of the oath are indeed such that they are read by different parties in different senses, and these are thought on one side to impose an obligation which the other side cannot admit that they import.

It cannot be denied that it is, at the least, not complimentary to our Roman Catholic brethren to exact from them a positive assertion that they will not countenance the assassination of their Queen, or a universal confiscation of heretical property. Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Whalley, no doubt, think most sincerely that this is a disavowal of a fixed tenet of the Papal religion. But surely no one knows better than they, that the tenets of that faith are universal and indissoluble—not left to the free judgment of any section of its members, but laid on the whole Church by its central and irresponsible authority. If, therefore, a section of that Church, comprising all its English and Irish adherents, have for a generation taken unhesitatingly the oath that they do not hold such tenets, the fact is proof that their Church disclaims them. And this being so, it is puerile to recall to us what was taught or permitted by Rome in the days of Alva, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It would be just as reasonable to condemn modern Protestantism of ruthless intolerance or bloody treachery because of the sacrifice of Servetus or the massacre of Glencoe. The fact is, the world has moved on, and has carried all the Churches with it. Their religious doctrines may be the same as ever, but their application of these doctrines to social government is modified by the new political ideas we all have learned. When we ask, therefore, Roman Catholics to swear and sign a solemn disavowal of assassination and confiscation, they might with as much justice and reason ask us to swear and sign a solemn disavowal of the right of pillorying Dissenters or disinheriting a Papist heir. We should feel this requisition to be an insult, even though our own statute-book is evidence that we of the Church of England once held these doctrines. Can we, then, wonder that Roman Catholics feel the like disclaimer to be an insult, even though a Pope may be cited who commended the deeds which they now abhor?

But it is a more serious objection to retaining this disclaimer of obsolete notions, that it seems to express a great deal more than any reasonable man can think should be disclaimed. The clause which abjures any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment must in common fairness be read with an interpretation which greatly restricts its apparent sense. Nobody can expect a Roman Catholic not to wish the success of that Church which he believes to be the true one, and the consequent downfall of that Church which he believes to be false. If he wished anything else he would not merely be a dishonest Catholic, but a bad Christian. But wishing this, he must intend to help it by all legitimate means. And we certainly had no intention of denying him this right when we admitted him to Parliament. We believed that our religion was better than his, and could stand against his; that we were stronger than he, and could defy his attacks. In this conviction we came to the conclusion that we need not exclude him from a share in the government. But we certainly did not mean to exact as a condition that he should renounce his wish to convert us. So, when we imposed the words of the oath now in question, we can have meant in reason no more than that he would employ no treacherous or unconstitutional means of securing a victory for his faith. But though the oath will, in the eyes of reasonable men, bear no other sense, it cannot be denied that the words themselves are broader. And thus we have an inevitable repugnancy between language and spirit, even while we take the Holy Name into the lips to attest the sincerity of the avowal. This cannot be right, and it is at least a sin as heavy in the Protestant who exacts it as in the Catholic who commits it.

The last clause, indeed, probably seems, to minds of the Whalley class, expressly intended, and amply effectual, to shut out any such laxity. It is an assertion that the declaration is made in its plain and natural sense, without any equivocation or mental reservation. But cannot these gentlemen see that, even on their own supposition, such a profession of honesty is futile? The very repudiation of dishonesty may be dishonest. A Roman Catholic, such as they picture him, full of fraud and guilt, and fortified with a dispensation in his pocket for any

amount of false swearing, may boldly come to the table, and with the blackest purpose of murdering the Sovereign, blowing up the Parliament, and proclaiming the Pope, take the whole oath in a non-natural sense, and, when he comes to the declaration of honest meaning, make it quite consistent with his secret meaning by affixing to it the reservation which it excludes from what precedes, but cannot exclude from itself. The process is as absurd as the rules by which an assembly sometimes tries to make impracticable the raising of the same question again. When any party desires to raise it, the proposition is only that the forbidding rule be repealed. So a declaration of honesty is made abortive by the simple expedient of making it itself in a dishonest sense.

We need not, however, for ourselves disclaim and abjure any design of attributing to Roman Catholics the duplicity with which Protestant fanatics charge them, when we point out that, if such duplicity existed, it would defy the most cunning restrictive oaths. We are ready to accord to Catholics precisely the power which we allow to Protestant Dissenters—the power of meeting us fairly in argument, and of influencing, just so far as their numbers and their weight may give them the means, our legislation on all matters which legislation can control. While they are a minority they cannot harm us; if they should ever become a majority, no oath could bind them not to exercise their power. If we believed they held any of the theories which the oath attributes to them, they would be unfit to sit in Parliament at all. But, allowing them to enter Parliament because we believe them to be good subjects and honest citizens, it is a monstrous absurdity and anachronism to ask them to favour us by first swearing that they are not robbers, traitors, liars, and murderers, and that, in making this assertion, they are not laughing in their sleeves at our simplicity in believing that they mean it.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BILL.

THE labours of the Commission on Public Schools have this week assumed a practical shape, in the form of a bill presented to Parliament by the Earl of Clarendon. The Report of the Commissioners, as our readers are aware, excited much attention in the course of last summer, and was even made the subject of special comment by the periodical press, and by the LONDON REVIEW in particular. It was impossible that the friends of education should fail to regard an inquiry prosecuted under the highest auspices of the Crown, and conducted with so much ability by Lord Clarendon and his associates, without an unusual degree of interest. The subject alone, to say nothing of the instruments employed, or of the wide scope of its range, and the lasting consequences embraced by it, were of a nature that could not fail of commanding our strongest sympathies. It was not merely that the present, but that all future generations were concerned. It held out a promise of relief from those evils to which almost every parent, certainly every well-wisher to the highest good of the nation, was intimately concerned. And it is not too much to say that all Englishmen who had the prosperity of their country at heart, and whose hopes and aspirations for their children assumed the nobler form of ambition, looked forward with an intense anxiety to the measure in which the recommendations of the Royal Commission should be embodied, and eventually become a sort of recognised standard for the future education of the country.

How far the expectations thus warmly excited are likely to be fulfilled by Lord Clarendon's measure it is yet too early to decide. The measure itself has not been long enough before the nation for us to form an opinion; and the chief remedy proposed for the reformation of those evils of which all complain, and few are prepared to grapple with, is of too uncertain a nature for its friends or its enemies to decide at present upon its probable effects. The inquiries of the Commission were directed to the insufficiency of the education given in our public schools; to the poverty and meagreness of its results; to the little value set upon it by the parents and the boys themselves; to the complaints of tutors and examiners at the universities; to the disproportion of the cost compared with the real value; to the unwillingness of those who superintended it to introduce improvements, or admit the necessity of alterations; to the narrowness of those restrictions which excluded the legitimate influence of public opinion on the teaching and management of those schools; and, finally, to the absence of any sufficient governing body, whose personal weight and authority might exercise a salutary influence on the head-master, and counteract those narrowing tendencies into which every institution is

liable to fall, whether scholastic or otherwise, where the sole authority is lodged in a narrow class, chosen not exclusively by merit. It was felt by many, and justly, that no praiseworthy had been the efforts of these schools in directing the education of the country in times past, they had in many instances widely departed from the primitive intentions of their founders; and that a period had arrived in which an honest regard to the intentions of those founders, and the general welfare of the community, required a careful reconsideration of the whole subject. If the universities themselves had been subjected to such an ordeal; if such an ordeal, so far from being detrimental to the best interests of these bodies, had imparted to them fresh vigour and efficiency, why should not the public schools, the main feeders of the universities, pass through a similar process, and experience equally beneficial results?

We fear that such of our readers as entertained any very sanguine expectations from the labours of the Royal Commissioners will be doomed to disappointment. Their voluminous Report, of some thousand pages, has dwindled down, in effect, to a single proposition, which might be easily comprised in half-a-dozen lines. We will not apply to them the fable of the mountain in labour and the *mus ridiculus* of the past—for it is very possible that their single proposal may eventually lead to momentous consequences. They may have given birth to a small thing, totally disproportioned to their gigantic labours—to their voluminous examinations—to their monster inquiries—to their enormous pretensions. But the force of small things is not to be despised. This mouse of the mountain may contrive to gnaw through the toils of the lion, and set free the lord of the forest. Possibly the solitary recommendation of the Commissioners—for solitary it is in effect—may, in process of time, bring about the reformation so heartily desired; and though we, and perhaps the next generation, may not live to see the result of their exertions, by the year of grace 1900 and odd, the mustard-seed of Lord Clarendon's bill, if it pass through all the numerous and dire contingencies which inevitably await it, may begin to show evidences of vitality, and Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, and the rest, now scared from their equilibrium by the mere dread of Lord Clarendon's ruthless innovations, may have recovered sufficient self-possession to meet their inevitable fate with equanimity, and submit with patience, if not with grace, to certain necessary modifications in their cherished systems. In other words—such of our readers as are not yet in their teens, may feel grateful to Lord Clarendon, that somewhere between the beginning and the middle of the twentieth century of the Christian era—if the millennium should not overtake us before then—Eton boys, should there be Eton boys at that distant period, may be learning something more than the composition of Greek and Latin verses, of which not one in a hundred understands the utility, and in which not one in two hundred ever attains tolerable proficiency. In that great and far-off epoch it may be expected, through the exertions of Lord Clarendon and his fellow-Commissioners—then glorious in their dust—that a change shall come over the spirit of their dream, and Eton schoolmasters shall no longer imagine to themselves that the exclusive, sole, and all-sufficient mental pabulum of a boy is fifty longs and shorts per diem, with a proportionate admixture of Homer and Ovid committed to memory in class, and duly discharged from it twenty-four hours after. At that great day Balstonian phantoms shall begin to vanish, as Satan did, or show themselves in their true nature, as he did at the touch of Ithuriel's spear. It shall no longer be considered incompatible with muscular Christianity, or the dignity and gentlemanly bearing of an Eton boy, to write his own language correctly—to solve an equation of two dimensions—to add to his classical scholarship some little knowledge of the history, literature, and geography of his own and of other countries.

"Proceed, great and auspicious days!" we are inclined to exclaim, in the accents of the poet, contemplating a similar anticipated reform of the human race, which he, like ourselves, was not destined to see. Lord Clarendon's measure of school regeneration forbids us to hope that the happy results we have ventured to anticipate can ever come upon us except by the slowest and most gradual process. Present interests—should we not say abuses?—are tenderly dealt with; they are to be gathered to their graves, full of years and honours, without any unnecessary shock. Present systems are to continue in full force, until all who are attached to them have died off. Latin verses and large fees, Greek prose and disproportionate holidays, luxurious habits and little learning, are not to be deposed all at once from the ancient seats they have occupied so long. Content to leave these things as it finds them, or

unable or unwilling to grapple with them, Lord Clarendon's bill proposes solely, or almost solely, to deal with the governing bodies of our public schools. And in so doing it simply adds. It takes away, it changes—nothing.

These new governing bodies, erected on the basis of the old, are to be entrusted with the management of the several schools. Future head-masters are to be amenable to their control; and whatever reforms are introduced into the studies and management of the school will be introduced through these bodies, or by their consent. In other words, the head-master will no longer be supreme. He will be amenable for the discipline, studies, government of the school, to a board of head-masters, less able and less experienced than himself. The result will be fatal. It has been tried already, and has signally failed. It has been the ruin of half the collegiate schools established in or near the metropolis during the last thirty years. If the head-master be a man of genius, spirit, and ability, he will not endure it; and the board of management will either virtually sink into insignificance, unwilling or unable to exercise a judicious and effective supervision, or it will come into inevitable collision with the head-master; and then, with whichever the victory remains, the result will be equally disastrous. Lord Clarendon is a well-meaning peer. He has the credit of education at least; but he is too weak to grapple with great reforms. And though what he intends may be a step in the right direction, the dead resistance of ancient habits and prejudices will be too strong to yield to the feeble pressure he is inclined to apply to them.

CAFÉS VERSUS GIN-PALACES.

LONDON is the city of Gin-Palaces; Paris the city of Cafés; and in this respect Paris has the advantage of London. However high the rent, every corner-house in our streets is eagerly pounced upon as a homestead of sensuality, a resort of all who are most degraded, a reservoir of liquid fire. Brightly burns the gas, and the notes of harp and viol mingle merrily; but it is a vision of sin. Fair hands with smiling faces deal out the poisonous draught; but there is a grim skeleton clattering his ghastly bones among the revellers, and pressing the cup of Circe to their lips. The young and the old are met to hob and nob with Death. The night is drizzly without, but strong waters are good for withered lips. Noggin after noggin loosens their tongue, and they troll carelessly their tavern catch as they stand around the bar. There is no comfort in that noisy drinking hall; no refinement. None are seated; none read; not a newspaper is to be seen. Excitement is all that is asked, and that of the most unhealthy kind—excitement not of the mind, but of the corruptible body. Drug the memory, stimulate the passions—that is the order of the day. Meanwhile the wives sit at home in rags and tears, and the children, waking from uneasy slumbers, cry for bread.

The tide of civilization is doubtless flowing on, but the advancing wave has many a recoil. There is a counter-current in the mighty stream, which gets broader and deeper, and that counter-current is—gin. It threatens society with tremendous evil, because it comes from below. In the *London Directory* we find the names of about six thousand publicans; and the British spirit charged with home duty, most of which is either gin or whiskey, has varied from twenty or twenty-six million gallons annually in the last few years. Besides this, an enormous quantity of Geneva and Hollands is imported. Country squires no longer lie under the table. No Master of the Horse now reels in the presence of Majesty, nor does the Heir to the Throne celebrate Bacchanalian orgies amid "the roar of his drunkards." But did the port of huntsmen and county members ever work half the misery and desolation produced by gin? If a beggar accosts you in your walks, or besets your carriage, he is asking perhaps neither for food nor clothing, but for gin. He has a morbid thirst for that elixir of death, and would forego all else for it. Or if, indeed, he wants the necessities of life, what has brought him to beggary? Gin! Trace his wretchedness to its source, and you will probably find that, directly or indirectly, that "cup of devils" is the cause of it all. That haggard mother who sits on your door-step, with an infant clinging to her exhausted breast and other children to her trembling knees,—what but her husband's intemperance has driven her from her home? What brought Atkinson to the scaffold the other day at Durham? What excited him to beat his wife for upwards of an hour with murderous violence? Gin! While he flogged her, the Furies of drink were lashing him. It is gin that fills the streets of our opulent capital with mendicants, more numerous though more scattered than in the cities on the Continent. It chokes our workhouses, peoples our prisons,

and degrades our national character, while it prepares the lower classes for some fearful explosion at a future day.

Thus Nature's best gifts are abused. Thus the *κρῖ λευκόν*, the pure grain that waves so gracefully in the warm wind, is destined to stifle the conscience and overcloud the senses with heady fumes. The berries of the juniper and the oil of turpentine will be added to make the fiery potion piquant. Sugar—for sweet gin is in favour in the metropolis—will mask some adulterating substance that facilitates dilution with water; and strong poisons—creosote, sulphate of zinc, caustic potash, and sulphuric acid—will be mixed sometimes even with English gin. Of all adulterated gin, that which is sold retail is most deleterious. And is there no remedy for this growing evil? Is not the drunkard an enemy of society and a disgrace to his country? Shall the fruitful cause of his crime become cheaper and cheaper, and the haunts of midnight revellers multiply without check? Will not our rulers some time be compelled to make intoxication a more serious offence against the law, and to chastise it as it deserves? Such a return to Puritan legislation would, indeed, be deplored by every man of sense; but may it not become inevitable in spite of ourselves? May not civil discipline sometime or other require it, as military discipline does even now? Will one Father Mathew in a century suffice to stay the plague? Will sermons and tracts on temperance have weight with intellects already besotted?

In Paris a different scene presents itself from that which we see here. Instead of gin-palaces elegant and airy cafés open wide their doors in every street and boulevard. The walls are glittering with mirrors and gilded mouldings, the tables covered with the news of the world. An intellectual repast is spread, not indeed of the highest order, but certainly a most useful and entertaining one. The refreshments are good, and moderate in price; and their chief merit is that they do refresh without stimulating and undermining the moral and physical strength of man. Friends meet friends without brawling; the weary find repose; the moody are cheered; the joyous give vent to their gladness. There the bachelor eats his breakfast in comfort, instead of being ill-served in dull and lonely lodgings; there, too, when the business of the day is done, he finds chess, dominos, conversation and picket. There the noble and the bourgeois, the foreigner and native, meet side by side; for a café on the boulevards is not for a class, but for all. Elsewhere, indeed, there are cafés essentially plebeian, but formed on the same model, and far above any gin-palace in the scale of civilization. Enter one of them. It is filled by men in blouses, but they are orderly and sober. Some read, some talk, and many play billiards; but none are intoxicated, nor will be, even though they should stay till midnight.

Why is the café system unknown in London? Why are wretched coffee-houses, frequented chiefly by cabmen, their only representatives here? Why are foreigners obliged to prowl about long before they can, in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, light upon what they have been accustomed to find within a stone's throw in every continental town? Why are Englishmen, who have learned in travelling the advantage and comfort of cafés, deprived of the innocent recreation they afford the moment they set foot on the shores of their native land? Hotels and clubs are no adequate substitute for this important desideratum. They exist in Paris as in London. The first are frightfully expensive; and the club to which one belongs, though in itself an invaluable luxury, is not always at hand. Clubs, again, are exclusive and capricious, as we have seen very lately; and in a general way they are accessible only to persons of a certain status in society. A café is unique in its adaptation to various purposes and conditions—it is a caravansera where every pilgrim is welcomed and well entertained.

If it be objected that English habits differ so widely from those of other countries in Europe that cafés here would not be frequented as abroad, we reply that long observation of our fellow-countrymen, resident and travelling on the Continent, convinces us that this is not altogether true. By none are cafés on the other side of the Channel frequented more than by Englishmen. Byron sneers at friendship by saying: "If you want to make a friend, go into a café and find one." But the remark tends to prove that cafés are no mean item in the social contract. They promote that genial intercourse of which all have need. It is true that many Englishmen abroad frequent cafés to learn the language and observe the manners of the place; but they do not resort to them the less long after these objects have been attained. And what though this be the end which many have in view? Would not foreigners frequent our cafés, if we had such, by parity of attraction?

Let some enterprising company start a commodious café in the Parisian style, in some central locality such as Regent-street, and we are persuaded it would prove a success, be followed in time by others, and, in proportion as they spread through London and the provinces, form an important feature in our social improvements.

Time was when every café in Paris was a focus of insurrection—when patriotism harangued loudly on its table, calling down vengeance on the Bastille and the nobles at Versailles—when Camille Desmoulins, with streaming hair, rushed forth from the Café de Foy, in the Palais Royal, and, with a pistol in each hand, cried, "Friends! shall we die like hunted hares?" Time was when the tall, shaggy Marquis Saint-Huruge bellowed like a bull of Bashan, and women, wild with famine, or with the sight of it, denounced tyranny and dear, bad bread. So it was in Paris in the first revolution, and so it may be again. But the café orators, be it remembered, however vehement their language, however frantic their gestures, were not drunk. Sansculottism drove them wild, not gin. There was method in their madness. Mind was at work. Even in their devilry they were not sots. There would be little fear of London cafés being abused to political purposes. We are a loyal people. We have a constitution to boast of, to develop, to mould to future needs, not to destroy. But under the best form of government a people may degenerate, and gin may prove as fatal to us as the golden East and effeminate Carthage were to the Republic of Rome. Hard drinking is a local vice, and specially contagious, as Paley has observed. It is found to prevail in certain districts of a country, or in particular towns, without any reason to be given for the fashion but that it had been introduced by some popular examples. We ought, therefore, to despise no means, however subordinate, by which its growth may be arrested. And as, in October, 1789, when ten thousand raving women were about to set fire to the Hôtel de Ville, shifty Maillard of his own motion snatched a drum and beat with loud rolls the march "To Versailles!" led the Mænads through Chaillot and Sèvres, and saved Paris for that day at least, so may we, by advocating the café system, be more successful as well as more sincere than he; we may call off crowds from setting themselves and their neighbours on fire at the gin-palace, and lead them, by sober example, to places of amusement less noxious to themselves and less dangerous to society.

THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.

THE *Scotsman* has thrown some further light upon the Edmunds Scandal, and, pending the inquiry before the Committee of the House of Lords, we cannot, perhaps, do better than examine how far this new information tends to exonerate the Lord Chancellor from a disgraceful imputation, or to fix it more surely upon him. The charge against Lord Westbury is, that when Mr. Edmunds petitioned the House of Lords for a pension, upon resigning his office of Reading Clerk, the Lord Chancellor concealed from the House facts which, had they been known, must have told fatally upon the result of that petition. That is the charge. But it is also alleged that this concealment was the result of a bargain—not, indeed, reduced to writing, signed, sealed and delivered—but quite as binding as if it had been, by which Lord Westbury engaged that if Mr. Edmunds resigned his office, no opposition would be made upon his lordship's part to his application for a pension. Not a little probability was given to this statement, first, by the fact that no opposition was made to it, and next, that, shortly after Mr. Edmunds' resignation, the Lord Chancellor's son was appointed to the vacant post. We must wait for the report of the Committee to see what evidence there is in support of this part of the case. But in the meantime let us look at what the *Scotsman* has to say with reference to the conduct of Mr. Edmunds in the Patent Office, out of which these scandals have arisen. As yet it is known generally, only that Mr. Edmunds failed to account for public money which had come into his hands. Of the precise charges which underlie this general statement they know nothing; yet it is only by such knowledge that we can estimate how far the Lord Chancellor has failed in his duty to the House of Lords in concealing from it facts, which there is no doubt whatever he did conceal, and which it is equally clear he ought, in point of honour and duty, to have made known. The gravity of his offence will depend on the gravity of Mr. Edmunds' misconduct.

In the beginning of last year the Commissioners of Patents, of whom Lord Westbury is chief, ordered Messrs. Greenwood and Hindmarch to inquire into "certain irregularities" in the Patent Office, which had been the subject of frequent com-

plaint. About the middle of July last they made a preliminary report; for they had found the office and its pecuniary affairs in such a condition as to necessitate an immediate change of managers and management. They stated that for a long time previous to 1863, Mr. Edmunds' attendance at the office had been little more than nominal. After that date, one of the clerks having been detected in peculation, he attended more frequently, and issued a variety of regulations and orders, which, however, produced in the office "great confusion, ill-feeling, and discontent." Messrs. Greenwood and Hindmarch held it as proved that he had been "violent and intemperate" in conducting the business of the office; that his orders had been "hasty and ill-considered;" and that his demeanour towards his subordinates had been offensive, harsh, and unnecessarily severe. On these grounds alone they considered that he ought to be removed from his appointment. But they had hardly arrived at this conclusion when their attention was called to "more serious matters." He had sanctioned, so their report said, the introduction of a custom by which he and his chief clerk, a Mr. Ruscoe, were enabled to appropriate to their private use the discount on stamps allowed to stationers at the Stamp Office, amounting to a sum of between £500 and £600 a year. Both, say the investigators, gave their evidence upon this point in "a very discreditable manner." Again, Mr. Edmunds was charged in the report with having advanced £500 out of the public moneys for the purchase of stamps, and with having received that sum back, not placing it to the public account but to his own. This charge, however, was subsequently, more or less, departed from. But the other charge, respecting the stationers' allowance on stamps, was adhered to—and the conduct of Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Ruscoe in regard to it was declared by the investigators to be "without excuse, dishonest, and disgraceful." Turning to matters of account, the preliminary report stated that between 1852 and 1864 Mr. Edmunds had neglected to pay into the Consolidated Fund sums amounting to £2,681. 19s. 2d. Mr. Edmunds admitted that this statement was correct. He admitted also that he and Mr. Ruscoe had used, for their own benefit, the allowance on stamps, but pleaded the excuse of "a common custom." To an accusation that he had compelled the clerks in the Patent Office to make good a sum of £740, to which amount one of them had been a defaulter, without contributing a penny out of his own pocket, he answered that the deficiency of the defaulting clerk had been made up, not by a levy on the other clerks, but from property of the defaulter, and that, though he had forgotten for a year or two to pay in half of the recovered money, it was afterwards accounted for.

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The title of the satire was, however, open to exception, and no doubt those masters and mistresses, whose more fortunate experience led them to conclusions opposed to its moral, did not fail to question its propriety. In the kitchen, too, it must have given offence to many a neatly-aproned housemaid jealous of her dignity, and many an honest fellow whose heart thumped angrily behind his plush waistcoat on reading the offensive words. We believe it was Lord Chesterfield who,

Let some enterprising company start a commodious café in the Parisian style, in some central locality such as Regent-street, and we are persuaded it would prove a success, be followed in time by others, and, in proportion as they spread through London and the provinces, form an important feature in our social improvements.

Time was when every café in Paris was a focus of insurrection—when patriotism harangued loudly on its table, calling down vengeance on the Bastille and the nobles at Versailles—when Camille Desmoulins, with streaming hair, rushed forth from the Café de Foy, in the Palais Royal, and, with a pistol in each hand, cried, “Friends! shall we die like hunted hares?” Time was when the tall, shaggy Marquis Saint-Huruge bellowed like a bull of Bashan, and women, wild with famine, or with the sight of it, denounced tyranny and dear, bad bread. So it was in Paris in the first revolution, and so it may be again. But the café orators, be it remembered, however vehement their language, however frantic their gestures, were not drunk. Sansculottism drove them wild, not gin. There was method in their madness. Mind was at work. Even in their devilry they were not sots. There would be little fear of London cafés being abused to political purposes. We are a loyal people. We have a constitution to boast of, to develop, to mould to future needs, not to destroy. But under the best form of government a people may degenerate, and gin may prove as fatal to us as the golden East and effeminate Carthage were to the Republic of Rome. Hard drinking is a local vice, and specially contagious, as Paley has observed. It is found to prevail in certain districts of a country, or in particular towns, without any reason to be given for the fashion but that it had been introduced by some popular examples. We ought, therefore, to despise no means, however subordinate, by which its growth may be arrested. And as, in October, 1789, when ten thousand raving women were about to set fire to the Hôtel de Ville, shiftless Maillard of his own motion snatched a drum and beat with loud rolls the march “To Versailles!” led the Mænads through Chaillot and Sèvres, and saved Paris for that day at least, so may we, by advocating the café system, be more successful as well as more sincere than he; we may call off crowds from setting themselves and their neighbours on fire at the gin-palace, and lead them, by sober example, to places of amusement less noxious to themselves and less dangerous to society.

THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.

THE *Scotsman* has thrown some further light upon the Edmunds Scandal, and, pending the inquiry before the Committee of the House of Lords, we cannot, perhaps, do better than examine how far this new information tends to exonerate the Lord Chancellor from a disgraceful imputation, or to fix it more surely upon him. The charge against Lord Westbury is, that when Mr. Edmunds petitioned the House of Lords for a pension, upon resigning his office of Reading Clerk, the Lord Chancellor concealed from the House facts which, had they been known, must have told fatally upon the result of that petition. That is the charge. But it is also alleged that this concealment was the result of a bargain—not, indeed, reduced to writing, signed, sealed and delivered—but quite as binding as if it had been, by which Lord Westbury engaged that if Mr. Edmunds resigned his office, no opposition would be made upon his lordship's part to his application for a pension. Not a little probability was given to this statement, first, by the fact that no opposition was made to it, and next, that, shortly after Mr. Edmunds' resignation, the Lord Chancellor's son was appointed to the vacant post. We must wait for the report of the Committee to see what evidence there is in support of this part of the case. But in the meantime let us look at what the *Scotsman* has to say with reference to the conduct of Mr. Edmunds in the Patent Office, out of which these scandals have arisen. As yet it is known generally, only that Mr. Edmunds failed to account for public money which had come into his hands. Of the precise charges which underlie this general statement they know nothing; yet it is only by such knowledge that we can estimate how far the Lord Chancellor has failed in his duty to the House of Lords in concealing from it facts, which there is no doubt whatever he did conceal, and which it is equally clear he ought, in point of honour and duty, to have made known. The gravity of his offence will depend on the gravity of Mr. Edmunds' misconduct.

In the beginning of last year the Commissioners of Patents, of whom Lord Westbury is chief, ordered Messrs. Greenwood and Hindmarch to inquire into “certain irregularities” in the Patent Office, which had been the subject of frequent com-

plaint. About the middle of July last they made a preliminary report; for they had found the office and its pecuniary affairs in such a condition as to necessitate an immediate change of managers and management. They stated that for a long time previous to 1863, Mr. Edmunds' attendance at the office had been little more than nominal. After that date, one of the clerks having been detected in peculation, he attended more frequently, and issued a variety of regulations and orders, which, however, produced in the office “great confusion, ill-feeling, and discontent.” Messrs. Greenwood and Hindmarch held it as proved that he had been “violent and intemperate” in conducting the business of the office; that his orders had been “hasty and ill-considered;” and that his demeanour towards his subordinates had been offensive, harsh, and unnecessarily severe. On these grounds alone they considered that he ought to be removed from his appointment. But they had hardly arrived at this conclusion when their attention was called to “more serious matters.” He had sanctioned, so their report said, the introduction of a custom by which he and his chief clerk, a Mr. Ruscoe, were enabled to appropriate to their private use the discount on stamps allowed to stationers at the Stamp Office, amounting to a sum of between £500 and £600 a year. Both, say the investigators, gave their evidence upon this point in “a very discreditable manner.” Again, Mr. Edmunds was charged in the report with having advanced £500 out of the public moneys for the purchase of stamps, and with having received that sum back, not placing it to the public account but to his own. This charge, however, was subsequently, more or less, departed from. But the other charge, respecting the stationers' allowance on stamps, was adhered to—and the conduct of Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Ruscoe in regard to it was declared by the investigators to be “without excuse, dishonest, and disgraceful.” Turning to matters of account, the preliminary report stated that between 1852 and 1864 Mr. Edmunds had neglected to pay into the Consolidated Fund sums amounting to £2,681. 19s. 2d. Mr. Edmunds admitted that this statement was correct. He admitted also that he and Mr. Ruscoe had used, for their own benefit, the allowance on stamps, but pleaded the excuse of “a common custom.” To an accusation that he had compelled the clerks in the Patent Office to make good a sum of £740, to which amount one of them had been a defaulter, without contributing a penny out of his own pocket, he answered that the deficiency of the defaulting clerk had been made up, not by a levy on the other clerks, but from property of the defaulter, and that, though he had forgotten for a year or two to pay in half of the recovered money, it was afterwards accounted for.

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The title of the satire was, however, open to exception, and no doubt those masters and mistresses, whose more fortunate experience led them to conclusions opposed to its moral, did not fail to question its propriety. In the kitchen, too, it must have given offence to many a neatly-aproned housemaid jealous of her dignity, and many an honest fellow whose heart thumped angrily behind his plush waistcoat on reading the offensive words. We believe it was Lord Chesterfield who

cautioned his son not to make use of the then proverbial expression, "he lies like a lacquey" in a footman's presence; and certainly no servant was likely to feel complimented by the stigma thus cast by our author on the little world below stairs. Was the appellation, in short, deserved? Are those useful fellow-creatures who enter our service and work for us from morning to night without grumbling, who must bear our caprices and ill-temper in silence, to whom we are indebted for a hundred kindly offices from our earliest childhood to the last moment of our life, who nurture us as infants, minister to our daily wants, and tend us in sickness—all for their board and lodging, with a few pounds a year—are these the really greatest plague of life?

Such is the question which not long ago newspaper moralists were asking. Complaints had been made that good female servants were annually growing more scarce; that they demanded high wages, and spent them improvidently in dress and finery ill-befitting their station; that they no longer remained as they used to do for many years in one place, but were continually endeavouring, as the phrase goes, to "better themselves," and were becoming, as a class, discontented and disrespectful. On the other hand, it was argued (and a very charitable argument it seemed to be) that the change which had come over our households was not attributable to servants alone, but also to those who were placed in authority over them; that if a proper respect were wanting on one side, indifference and bad management existed on the other; that good mistresses made good servants, and that, to work any substantial reformation in the present state of things, it was necessary that the former should identify themselves more with the welfare and moral interests of the latter than has been the custom in modern days.

Such are the pros and cons of a social problem which it is daily becoming more and more important for the present generation to solve. It cannot be denied that a great difference does exist between the servants of twenty years ago and the servants of to-day. The race of old faithful domestics—men and women who took service in a family and grew attached to it—who became privileged members of a household—who, perhaps, grumbled now and then at what they considered innovations in its management, but who never really forgot the respect due to their employers—is a race which has well nigh become extinct. In former days it was not uncommon to meet with grey-haired butlers, who had begun life as underfootmen; demure and staid old housekeepers, who had gradually been promoted from a more menial office. Those trusty retainers reckoned their time of servitude by decades of years. The nurse grew garrulous in recounting young master's infantile disorders, his boyish freaks, and the stories of his college life which reached her eager ears. The lady's maid, who was transplanted to a new home when her favourite charge was married, could remember when the blushing bride was yet in pinafores. She remained to cherish her darling's children.

Since that golden time the condition of the working classes in England has undergone a wondrous change. Social economists have declared that the people must be educated, and have set about their task in various fashions. Mechanics' institutes have sprung up; Sunday-schools have been established; colleges have been erected for the working man. Cheap literature has been made cheaper still, and has been lowered in quality as well as in price. There is not a scullery-maid in London at the present time who cannot afford her weekly journal—her wretched pennyworth of sentiment and romance. Behind the bolster of her stump bedstead, in the drawer of the kitchen dresser, or in the pocket of her gown, the greasy periodical is stowed away to be produced and read with avidity whenever occasion offers. Is it the precious legends of "love and crime," the pictures of "injured innocence," the sickly and often vicious twaddle with which these tales abound, that has turned the heads of modern servant girls? Or is their giddiness, their vulgar presumption, their love of finery and false estimate of self-respect, due to some other cause? Notions of dignity are now rife in our kitchens, at which our mothers would have stood aghast. The nurse must have her parasol for morning promenades. The cook prepares our dinners in a crinoline. Housemaids guard their complexions with a silken veil, and come to engage their situations with a double rap at the door. As for the other sex, it is difficult now-a-days to find a man over thirty years of age who will consent to wear the simplest form of livery. The most impertinent inquiries are made regarding the nature and duties of domestic service by applicants who seem to think it derogatory to enter it except on their own terms. "Does the family go out of town in the autumn; and, if so, to what part of

England?" "Are the servants expected to rise before seven o'clock?" "Will the lady's maid be ever required to dine on cold meat?" "Is a man cook kept; and, if so, what advantages of study in the culinary art will be offered by that functionary?" These are questions which the mistress of a house constantly finds herself called upon to answer. We find parlour maids declining to take service in a house where a footman is not kept, and footmen stipulating for carriage exercise. Butlers openly express their preference for a town or country life. Valets intimate that they have "no objection" to travel. Coachmen and grooms blandly mention that they are "willing to make themselves useful," and so forth. In one of his "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray, who, by the way, was wonderfully conversant with the humorous aspect of life below stairs, tells us that it is impossible to expect absolute candour from menials, whose obsequious deference to their superiors in itself implies a certain amount of hypocrisy. But we seem to be fast approaching a state in which we must look for neither respect nor veracity in this quarter. Time was when servants spoke of their "master" and "mistress." These have now become exploded terms, and Mr. Brown's valet calls him Mr. Brown—like any other gentleman.

With regard to wages, it is not too much to say that since the so-called march of intellect began, they have nearly doubled in amount. A good plain cook in a small family could once be hired for £14 or £16 per annum. It is almost impossible to obtain one now for less than £20 or £25. Women who formerly entered service as housemaids for ten or twelve guineas a year now estimate their value at eighteen. In larger establishments the rise is still more remarkable. £100 a year is at present the average salary given to butlers, who were once content with £40. As for the housekeeper, in great houses she is frequently as well paid as the governess, and sometimes, we regret to add, better treated. In spite of the pecuniary advantages thus enjoyed by domestic servants, they are becoming scarcer every year. On all sides the same complaint is heard. When a situation becomes vacant, the greatest difficulty is experienced in meeting with a proper person to fill it. The class from which female servants are usually taken would seem to prefer occupation as dressmakers or shopwomen—anything rather than endure the hardship of being obliged to wear a white cap and answer the drawing-room bell!

We believe that hundreds now emigrate who, some years ago, would have been glad to gain their livelihood in a gentleman's home. There must be a reason for all this, but in what it lies seems difficult to explain. We cannot imagine that, at a time like the present, when our best and noblest philanthropists are using every endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, English ladies can be so far forgetful of their social duties as to exact from a servant more than a fair amount of work and obedience, or that they regard their inferiors with less kindness and interest than formerly. We will go further, and say that, in cases where a mistress has endeavoured to enlist the esteem of her dependants by manifesting a more than usual concern in their private affairs, such a system has been too often found to elicit nothing but disrespect and ingratitude. A simpler solution of the mystery seems to lie in the fact that, in our efforts to educate "the million," we have forgotten to teach them one important truth—that the majority of mankind, in every sphere of life, must learn to be content with their lot; and that those who ignorantly endeavour, by rejecting a legitimate and honest means of living, to raise themselves above their proper level, will, sooner or later, sink beneath it.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE Postscript to my last letter, which was too late for insertion, informed your readers of the vote of the University on the proposed examination of girls, and of the discussion in the Arts Schools on the matriculation examination suggested by the Syndicate appointed to consider the B.A. and previous examinations. The Grace for the girls' examinations passed by a narrow majority—55 to 51, or, according to another account, 56 to 51—and there seemed to be a feeling among the supporters of the scheme that many members of the Senate might have voted against it, if they had known how evenly balanced the opinions of the University were. It cannot be wise to work a great change, like that which is now to be made in the bearing of the University upon the outer world, on so very small a majority as four or five out of more than a hundred voters. In such a case, the prophecies of failure which the Opposition utters are very apt to come true—for one-half of the University feels that its character for foresight is at stake, and that it is pledged by all the ties of a pet prophecy to show that its conclusions are sound. There is an idea abroad, too, which is unworthy in itself, but not therefore less general—that Oxford

will profit by the mistakes of Cambridge in the matter, and is holding back on that account to let the sister University make the dangerous experiment.

Dr. Tischendorf received the degree of Doctor of Law at the same congregation, in the presence of a large and sympathizing audience. The Public Orator was, as usual, most felicitous in his presentation speech, and brought down the house by the happy way in which he hit off Simonides as *Græcia mendax*. Dr. Tischendorf had previously given an interesting account in the combination-room of King's, in rather doubtful French, of his discoveries and difficulties in the search for manuscripts.

The Grace for the appointment of an Assistant Esquire-Bedell was strongly opposed. No one seemed to doubt the propriety of such an appointment, but a large number of members of the Senate disapproved of the step taken by the Council in proposing the electoral roll, instead of the whole body of the Senate, as electors to the office. Anything which tends to concentrate more power in the hands of the resident body, is looked upon with disfavour by many far-seeing men; and, as the electoral roll for any year contains only the names of those Masters of Arts who have resided during at least fourteen weeks of the preceding year, while the election of a full Esquire-Bedell is undoubtedly vested in the whole body of the Senate, resident and non-resident, this proposal of the Council would seem to be a step in the suspected direction. If the election, which takes place on the 24th, is carried by a small majority, it is not improbable that the Senate will reverse the decision of the electoral roll when a *bond-fide* vacancy in the Bedellship occurs.

The discussion in the Arts' Schools on the Matriculation Examination took a turn so unfavourable to the suggestion of the Syndicate, that it was almost thought the Council would not bring forward a Grace on the subject. However, the Senate is to vote on the question on the 23rd. There seems to be little doubt that the scheme will be shelved, and then the further proceedings of the Syndicate are uncertain, for so many of its members are pledged to this suggested examination, that it is hardly probable they will be willing to accept an adverse decision, and start *de novo* on some new plan.

Attention has been lately called to the present "coaching" system by a letter, evidently from some one unaccustomed to University ways, pointing out the fact that one of the Little-go Examiners not only is Tutor of his college, but also has a number of private pupils reading with him for this very examination, which seems to the writer of the letter unfair. Of course, anyone here will only say it is the man's ignorance that makes him write in such a style; but the fact is, that considerable dissatisfaction is from time to time expressed by parents and guardians with the state of things which now prevails both in the Honour and Pass Examinations. It is said that the Honour Examinations are falling too much into one groove, and that the pieces selected in the Classical Tripos for translation from Latin and Greek authors are in very great measure "—'s tips." When any one man has had for years and years the private training of almost all the men who have taken high classical honours, it must follow both that he becomes exceedingly acute in determining "likely passages" to prime his pupils with, and also that the younger generations of examiners, in whose hands the work of the Tripos now lies, have, with few exceptions, read with him in their undergraduate days, and have thus become imbued with his characteristics; while, further still, he knows from the same cause the peculiar bent of each examiner's mind, and can calculate with a certain amount of precision what sort of things he is likely to set. In discussing such questions, it is always right to say—though it may seem not to be necessary—that no blame attaches to the private tutor himself. He is the creature of the system. If men flock to him, because he is undoubtedly the best man in the University to read with, he is bound to do all he honestly can to secure for each man the highest possible place. In the Mathematical Tripos this monopoly works even more portentous results, and as many as nine out of the first ten wranglers, or thirteen out of the first fourteen, have lately been known to be pupils of the one great wrangler-maker. This is more dangerous than the corresponding phenomenon in the Classical Tripos, for men come up with their taste and style in classics already in great measure formed by the public schools, and what the private tutor has to do is to bring them up to Tripos pitch, each in his own way. But with Mathematics it is not so. Men do not, as a rule, come up formed Mathematicians, and so the vast majority of the highest men in each year is now moulded on one block. Indeed, as with the Hebrew Scholarships, so with the Mathematical Tripos, the examination consists of little more, so far as the successful men are concerned, than an elaborate determination of the respective merits of one man's best pupils. This cannot be wholesome, and it would be a very delicate subject to approach if it were not happily true that the three tutors, thus alluded to, are men who would do honour to any system in which they might be called to play a part, and are themselves perfectly conscious of the difficulties and responsibilities of their position.

With regard to the private tuition usually obtained for an ordinary degree, or for the Little-go, there is a more general division of work among the several private tutors, and the work itself is naturally less satisfactory, being much more of the nature of mere "cramming." It is astonishing what large numbers of men require, or think they require, private help, in addition to their college lectures, for the simplest university examination. It frequently happens that the Tutor of a college feels so uncertain about a man's chance of passing, that he advises him to go to a

private tutor for a term or two, fearing lest it may afterwards be thrown in his teeth that he has not taken the best means of ensuring the man's pass. And so the doubtful men go to the private tutors, as also the large class of undergraduates who have on principle a general distaste for work, and willingly pay £8 a term for the sake of having the subjects they are required to pass pared down to the smallest possible dimensions consistent with safety, by a judicious process of eliminating the unlikely parts. There is no doubt that a man who puts himself in the hands of a good poll-coach gets through his degree, or his Little-go, with half the amount of labour which a man who honestly reads his subjects has to undergo. This is, of course, not what the University would wish to see, but it is difficult to invent any means of avoiding it; and here, too, the blame is not with the private tutors. Supply meets demand, and demand calls forth supply. If one tutor is possessed of such preternatural sagacity in giving tips, that an examiner is forced privately to confess that it is impossible to outwit him, it is only to be expected that men will flock to him for assistance, and he is rewarded by a concourse of 100 or 150 private pupils preparing for various examinations. In an Utopian university such a system could not exist, and wrongheaded parents, who are foolish enough to think that things should be as they ought to be, are found to object very strongly to the additional tax upon their resources to which idle or incompetent sons thus commit them. In this case they are, in theory, in the right—though that is not the invariable attitude of parents, as was shown a short time since by an indignant father, who declared that the examiner could be no gentleman who had detected his son in the act of copying, and had turned him out accordingly.

The Syndics of the University Library have issued their Annual Report. Parts of it read like the history of a day with King Aueas. The new librarian is indefatigable, and light is already appearing on many sides through the dust of ages. One paragraph of the Report casts a stigma upon the large body of readers whom the library benefits, and for the sake of making it more widely known than the Report has any chance of doing, I reproduce it here:—

"The Syndicate wish particularly to bring before the notice of the Senate the fact that many of the books in the library have suffered wilful and wanton mutilation, or have been injured by careless treatment. These books fall usually under one of the four following classes:—1. Books valuable either on account of their rarity or their illustrations; 2. Law, school, and college text-books; 3. Sermons; 4. Light literature. They are sorry to be obliged to add that one number of each of two foreign mathematical periodicals has been abstracted from the table in the library. They would strongly advise that in any revision of the rules of the library care should be taken to protect the interests of the University in these matters."

The keepers of novel-libraries in fashionable watering-places have similar complaints always on their lips, but it might have been hoped that a body like the resident members of the University, with the thirty-five persons who, though not members, are admitted to the library "for purposes of study and research," would one and all know better than to be guilty of "wilful and wanton mutilation."

Some time since, I called attention to the complaints of the candidates for the Indian Civil Service, who intend to present themselves at the examination in June next, respecting the arrangements made by the Vice-Chancellor for utilizing the teacher of Oriental languages. These complaints are again gathering strength. It appears that there will be next term ten men who require instruction in Sanskrit for the approaching examination, and they have been looking forward to availing themselves of the assistance of our valuable teacher. But the Vice-Chancellor has given him notice that he will not be wanted next term, and the Sanskrit is to be undertaken by the Regius Professor of Hebrew, who has been for some time incapacitated by ill health, not only from doing the work of his Hebrew Professorship, but even from keeping residence as Canon of Ely. The recent changes made by the Government in the age of candidates, and in the manner of occupying the interval between the first and second Indian examinations, are decidedly unfavourable to the interests of the University, and domestic legislation seems to be taking the same line.

The University boat is improving fast, but still does not look like winning. The Cambridge athletes are looking forward with better hope to the Athletic Sports on the 25th, when Oxford comes over to return our visit of last year.

The Classical Tripos list is out. There is a short First Class, and the disappointments are more numerous than usual. Three of the first-class men appeared also among the wranglers in January last. The Senior Classic, Mr. Whitelaw, was brought into notice by the Local Examinations, at Liverpool, when he was a pupil at the Lancaster school.

The Emperor has sent to this country five presentation copies of his "Life of Julius Cæsar," with his autograph in each. We have reason to believe that of these copies one has been presented by him to her Majesty, another to Lord Palmerston, another to Lord Malmesbury, and another to Sir Henry Holland. Of the destination of the fifth copy, we are not informed.—*Guardian*.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot has placed the palatial halls of Alton Towers at the disposal of the Wedgwood Memorial Committee, for the purpose of an art exhibition, to be held there in the ensuing autumn, in aid of the funds for the completion of the Wedgwood Institute at Burslem.

THE CHURCH.

AN IRISH RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

AN amusing case, characteristically Irish, of persecution on account of conversion to Protestantism, has recently taken place on the western seaboard of Ireland. If there be any country where our Lord's warning words to His disciples, that their foes would be those of their own households, holds good, it is in the green isle of priests and potatoes. Never is the national irascibility of an Hibernian, whether male or female, more thoroughly aroused than when the scent of a "Souper" is sniffed invading the precincts of the national religion, or the soul of a relative is to be rescued from that eternal perdition inevitable on wandering outside the pale of Holy Mother Church. This has been all charmingly illustrated by the details, occupying nine columns of the *Sligo Independent*, of the late proceedings before the magistrates at the Colloney Petty Sessions, in the case of a girl named Catherine Goughan, who had become a Protestant. Catherine had reached the mystic age of sixteen, at which she was free, like Eliza M'Dermott, to choose her company and her convictions, and had taken to reading the Bible. She had been at service at a village of the name of Ballygawley, with the Methodist family of the Mitchells, and it was hinted, of course, that Mrs. Mitchell was the cause of her lapse into heresy. Books are books, and will be peeped into by intelligent girls fresh from the excellent national schools of Ireland; and Catherine had dived rather too deeply into the Bible and certain religious tracts, which, it is insinuated, Mrs. Mitchell had sedulously thrown into her way. It is even said that the good lady used to do Catherine Goughan's work, in order that her servant might have full and free opportunity to indulge in her new literary tastes. However that may be, Catherine became a stout Protestant, and was determined to hold by her opinions, notwithstanding all parental, fraternal, or avuncular threats or solicitations to the contrary. We suppose it was on the monastic principle of setting a woman to tame a woman; but Catherine had an aunt, Mrs. Winifred Hart, who duly came forward, or was put forward, to reclaim her erring niece to the right path. Aunts are sometimes not the most agreeable individuals for young people to have to deal with; at any rate, we may feel sure that Aunt Winifred did not, on the present occasion, assume the blandest of manners, or utter her words of exhortation in the gentlest of tones. The story says she did not. She came to Mr. Mitchell's on the 9th of January. The girl, in her evidence, says, "When my aunt entered Mitchell's, she commenced to scold them for having turned me." That was a good beginning, but Aunt Winifred had something more potent in reserve. She asked Catherine to go home with her. On the girl's refusal of this reasonable request, Aunt Winifred jumped suddenly off the stool on which she had been sitting, seized her victim, soon laid her prostrate, bent her knee on Catherine's side, grasped her neck in both hands, and held her so for the space of five minutes. The girl says this was "not so bad intirely." What was "intirely bad" was that Winifred next demanded her niece's wages from her master; and, having actually succeeded in getting them, made a second dash at the heretical offender, which the latter, by her more youthful quickness and agility, adroitly avoided. The upshot of that day's efforts towards the re-conversion of the young sinner was that Catherine remained in concealment outside the house until evening. The aunt, on her part, having her patience worn out by this flanking movement, returned home in disgust, a little weightier in silver, though not in discretion.

But another field-day was coming, when hopes so rudely blasted might yet be realized. Mr. Mitchell, of Ballygawley, sent his servant Catherine to old Mr. Mitchell's, of Ballisodare, with a message, and she had some shopping to do. Now was the aunt's opportunity, and accordingly she set about using it to advantage. Gently she entered the second Mr. Mitchell's shop, and blandly she informed her niece that there was a letter from her brother which she ought to go down and read. The girl astutely replied that "the letter must be very good, but she would rather not go down." Aunt Winifred was not, however, to be so simply baffled; and so she further watched her opportunity. Catherine was, after some time, found outside the shop-door. Immediately Aunt Hart seized her by the shawl, and then commenced a dragging and a tussel. Old Mr. Mitchell came to the rescue, and the girl was again safely harboured in the shop. The aunt, in the meantime, remained scolding without; and soon a crowd collected, in the midst of which appeared the portly figure of Uncle Hart, demanding that the girl should be put out. Aunt Winifred soon again got an opportunity for another tugging-match; and then, two policemen were seen approaching, who, evidently considering the girl to be no better than a Samaritan, resolved, like the Priest and Levite of old, to pass by on the other side. Catherine at one moment thought that her opportunity was come; and, with the speed of a deer, she took to her heels. But it was all to no purpose. Uncle Hart immediately called out to the crowd, "Boys, catch her!" The "boys," young and old—for every man is a "boy" in Ireland—joined in the chase; and poor Catherine was soon dragged back and put in durance vile in her uncle's house, to await the solemn visit of the priest. She was even pulled, in the midst of much clamour, past the house of Sub-Inspector Burke, commandant of constabulary; but the Dogberries of Ballisodare care for none of these things. The whole police force of the village witnessed a gross and violent assault on one of her Majesty's

subjects, but were too dignified to soil their fingers in the rescue of a pervert. All these facts were proved before the magistrates at the Colloney sessions. The result has been most satisfactory, and a triumphant vindication of justice. Aunt Winifred and her husband have been each sentenced to one month's imprisonment. Several of the "boys" have to undergo the same punishment, with additional hard labour; and Sub-Inspector Burke has been fined £2, and removed from the station. The constables who, with such religious zeal, performed the parts of Priests and Levites, have also been fined and removed; and it is to be hoped that, after this lesson, Ballisodare will be somewhat wiser in future as to indulging its persecuting tendencies.

But, perhaps, the most characteristic part of the whole affair was the cross-examination of the parish priest as to the diligence with which he had impressed on the girl that she was going to a warm place, whither the ultra-Orange rioters of Belfast are in the habit of commending the Pope. Myles-na-Copaleen never fenced more adroitly with his confessor than did Father O'Rorke at the Colloney sessions with Miss Goughan's attorney. His reverence, indeed, never told Catherine that she was "going to hell." He did not think he "used that force"—such language was "contrary to his habit." But he did tell her that "she was outside the pale of the Church, and she drew her inference." But Father O'Rorke was, after all, something more explicit; he had told the girl that outside the pale there was "no salvation." But on this point he again fenced most adroitly with the attorney. To Mr. Sidley's question, "Am I not right in saying that it is a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church that a Protestant cannot be saved?" his reverence replies only by implication. It would have been candid and honest to have at once declared that he cannot be saved. But this would have been too straightforward for Priest O'Rorke, who accordingly evaded the direct question by raising another issue. "Both Catholics and Protestants," he answered, "believe that outside the Church there can be no salvation; but Catholics and Protestants differ as to what is the true Church." Another peculiarity of Irish evidence is the use of the evasive word "might" where an Englishman would say "did." Father O'Rorke is asked whether Mr. Mitchell did not deny to him that his wife did the work of the house in order that the maid might read the Methodist tracts. "Well, he might" is the reply of the priest, which an Irish magistrate, as a matter of course, interprets as meaning that "he did." We have heard of an Irish trial for assault with a pitchfork, in which a witness, on being asked if he had seen anything in the prisoner's hand, replied, that he had. "What did you see?" was counsel's question. He indeed saw a "twig" in his hand. After a little more pressure put on by counsel, it turned out that the twig *might be* a "wattle." It next "might be" as thick as a man's thumb. Soon it grew into the dimensions of a blackthorn shillelagh, and finally it "might be" as thick as the handle of a sweeping-brush. But the growth of the twig had not yet ended. It was soon discovered that there *might be* a "little bit of iron" on the top of it; and inch by inch this bit of iron grew, and in more than one direction, until finally the "twig" was developed into a stout and ugly pitchfork of two sharp prongs. We strongly recommend this little bit of Hibernian evidence to the serious consideration of the Reverend Father O'Rorke, parish priest of Ballisodare. Perhaps by the help of it he may be able to remove the flat contradiction by which he first alleged that he had not been informed of Catherine Goughan's change of religion before he visited her when she was imprisoned at her uncle's, and afterwards confessed that he had previously learned of her conversion from a conversation with Mr. Mitchell.

CLERICAL LIBELS.

Two curious cases of libel on clergymen, which illustrate, each in a different way, the tact, judgment, and extreme caution required in the discharge of the duties of the clerical office, have been brought before public notice during the present Assizes. In one of these cases (*English v. Hole*), and three others, which came on for trial at Maidstone, the action had been taken by the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Milton-next-Sittingbourne, against the defendants, on account of a libellous letter they had addressed to the rural dean, charging him with having been drunk during the performance of his sacred duties. As the imputation had been based solely on the hearsay-gossip of the parish, there was no ground to build a defence on; and, accordingly, the four defendants expressed regret for the course they had taken, and retracted their charges. The Rev. Mr. English, on his part, expressed himself satisfied with this retraction and expression of regret; and, as he had not come into court for the sake of any damages, but only to vindicate his character in the eyes of his parishioners, he consented to a nominal verdict. One remark only shall we make on the case. That Mr. English has done good service to the Church by the prompt course that he took, no person can doubt. There are few things more mischievous than false reports, idly circulated through a parish, and injurious to the character of its pastor. A character free from spot or stain is not only of great value to the clergyman himself, but also to his parishioners, and therefore it should not on slight grounds be attacked, particularly by members of his own flock. We trust that the example made by Mr. English will be followed by the best results, and that it will tend to discourage a practice which, to our knowledge, is very common, of maligning clergymen on the slightest possible grounds.

The other libel case is marked by the absence of a quality in a

clergyman which we should always expect to find in him—discretion as to interfering with the rights of parishioners to sittings in their church. This is a matter of which he should scrupulously keep clear, as it is no part of his duty to provide for the accommodation in that respect of his parishioners. The allocation of pews, or sittings, is solely the duty and work of the churchwardens; it was therefore altogether outside the province of the Rev. Wm. Walker, vicar of Bardney, who sued the Editor of the *Lincoln Gazette* for libel, to attempt to dispossess a parishioner of the seat he had occupied, in order that his schoolmistress, Mrs. Squires, should sit in it. What makes this interference the more ridiculous is, that the gentleman dispossessed was the churchwarden himself, who, as the fountain of pew-authority, can occupy any seat he pleases. In consequence of this injudicious assumption of authority, and the little row and scene that ensued, two letters appeared in the *Lincoln Gazette*, signed respectively by "J. Maltby," and "Churchwarden;" and on these was the case for libel based. The suit was tried at the Lincoln Assizes, and a verdict given for the defendants. This trial also will do good. Clergymen will understand better their own impotence as to pews in a church, and the Rev. Wm. Walker will be made a wiser, though for a time a sadder, man.

FINE ARTS.

MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.

MR. WOOLNER, the sculptor whose works we have had occasion to mention more than once, has established a sort of premier right over the portraiture of the Poet Laureate. The bust, which was one of his earliest works, and which will perhaps be remembered as occupying rather a prominent position in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, was a fine, boldly-chiselled head, conveying well all the thoughtful and imaginative expression of the poet's countenance, with perhaps something a little too wild in the treatment of the long tangled hair; but still a very admirable portrait. The medallion which Mr. Woolner has recently completed, and of which an excellent cast is to be seen at Mr. Moxon's, the publisher in Albermarle-street, will, we think, generally be considered superior to the bust in refinement and in that indefinable expression of the poet countenance which we recognize at once, whether it is in the antique busts of Homer or Euripides, or in this head of Tennyson. There is the same deep dreamy look in all, and no doubt Mr. Woolner perceived this in the poet of our age, and has rendered it in the marble with true feeling for the elevated character of his subject. The Greek sculptor, whoever he was, who carved the noble head of the blind Homer which has been for ages accepted as the likeness of the first epic poet, perhaps never saw Homer, for Livy pronounced the bust apocryphal; but we could hardly wish for a more perfect realization of the great poet of antiquity than this, because it impresses us at once with the conviction that it is Homer. It is this character that we are so glad to find in Mr. Woolner's portrait, combined with that accuracy in the lineaments which will render it so precious to those who have the privilege to know Mr. Tennyson. It may be interesting to compare the admirable portrait which Mr. Watts painted of Tennyson with this medallion, and we think it will be observed that both artists have equally succeeded in seizing the fine character of the head to which we have alluded. In this medallion, which is life-size, the sculptor has chosen the highest form of relief, so that we see the face as a three quarter portrait, the long, rich, wavy hair falling down on the further side of the face, and being lost in the ground of the marble, which is hollowed, and not flat, as in many medallions. A flatter style of relief would hardly have suited the strong modelling of the features, and the fine, rugged, massive form of the head. We are not aware that this medallion was designed for bronze, but it would appear to have been so modelled; and some of the casts which have been bronzed struck us as remarkable for giving the full force of the poet's noble features—so much so, indeed, as to suggest the consideration whether a reduction of this medallion might not be most acceptable in the form of a medal. The art of the medallist is one that scarcely exists now, compared to what it was in the times of the old Italian sculptors and metal-workers, and we should be glad to see it revived by the production of a work in every way so excellent as this of Mr. Woolner.

SALE OF PICTURES BY TURNER.

It is rarely that the admirers of our great landscape painter have the opportunity of buying his pictures; they may gaze at them in the National Gallery, and long to possess them; but while the world is in its present mood about Turner, few will be tempted to part with their treasures by his hand. Since the sale of the Bicknell Collection in May, 1863, there has been nothing so remarkable as the sale of the water-colour drawings and oil paintings by Turner, which are to be sold to-day (Saturday) by Messrs. Christie and Manson, the well-known auctioneers of works of art. There are nine water-colour drawings, chiefly in the style of his vignettes, but two of them very remarkable as bold sketches of colour; these are small, but extremely brilliant and most interesting, as showing the astonishing freedom and mastery of this great painter. They are both studies of bright crimson skies, with water and landscape indistinctly sketched; the one is a sunrise,

the other a sunset, and nothing can be more true than the distinction, though with so much similarity, which the artist has shown in giving the line of silvery light at the horizon of the sunrise, while in the sunset all is sinking lower and lower in tone as the sun is lost. Of the twelve pictures there are at least two of great interest. 197. "The Beacon on the Rock," 38 in. by 23; and 199. "Morning after the Wreck," 19 in. by 13. The latter is wonderful as a rapid study for a large work, and it has all the grandeur of a large picture; the brilliant atmosphere, with the wrecked vessel showing dark and sombre through the mist, the crowds of people all hurrying to the scene of the wreck, the foam and rushing of the breakers upon the shore, are brought upon this small canvas in the most astonishingly vivid manner. The two Italian landscapes, engraved in the *Liber Studiorum*, are comparatively weak productions, though with many good points in the sky and distance. The principal work, however, is the large gallery picture called "Palestrina," a composition 8 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 7 in.; which was sold in the Bicknell collection, and was purchased direct from Turner. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1830, the subject rather vaguely described by the lines from the MS. poem of "The Fallacies of Hope," the author being, no doubt, the painter himself, as for years his pictures had a verse of this MS. poem appended to them in the catalogue. In style, this picture resembles the "Carthage" in the National Gallery, with perhaps rather more of fanciful colouring about the city on the hill and other parts of the foreground. This picture is the only one of this collection which has ever been sold by auction before, and we believe most of the other twenty are very little known. There was also another drawing by Turner, "A View of Exeter from the River," which is the original of the engraving in the England and Wales series, which was sold in the collection of Sir Hugh Campbell on the previous day, with several fine examples of Copley Fielding and David Cox.

These pictures by Turner will be found especially interesting; and we may add that there are also some first-rate works by W. Müller, Stanfield, Creswick, and Roberts, to be sold with the collection of the late Mr. Davis, of Cranbrook Park, Ilford, Essex, which are well worth seeing as excellent examples of the English school of landscape.

MUSIC.

THE concert season has now commenced in earnest, the elder Philharmonic Society having led the way by its first meeting on Monday last. The subjoined programme, it will be seen, although containing no novelty, was of varied character, and generally excellent quality:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, Letter I.	Haydn.
Aria, Mr. Renwick ("Faust")	Spohr.
Concerto, Violin (No. 9), Herr Ludwig Straus...	Spohr.
Scena, Miss Louisa Pyne ("Love's Triumph")	Wallace.
Overture, "Beherrscher der Geister"	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4)	Beethoven.
Air, Miss Louisa Pyne ("Domino Noir")	Auber.
Overture, "L'Alcade de la Vega"	Onslow.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Haydn's symphony, in spite of occasional traces of a bygone style, has that vigour and variety of treatment and spontaneous flow of melody, which survive all changes in the form of phraseology and expression. The minuet and trio "in canon," and the finale are masterly examples of consummate science, wielded with a facility equal to the skill displayed; while the general brightness and geniality of tone are as welcome to the mind as sunlight to the eyes. Such works can never become obsolete. The symphony of Beethoven belongs to a grander and more abstract order of musical thought—a later development of the art, which that great master has rendered a medium for the expression of the highest sublimity. The symphony in B flat, however, has its episodes of that cheerfulness and humour which, with Beethoven, were more chastened and dignified than the playful and exuberant gaiety of Haydn. Both works were well given, as were also the two overtures; that by Weber ("The Ruler of the Spirits," altered from the prelude to his unfinished opera, "Rübezahl"), a magnificent and glowing embodiment of romantic and impulsive imagination—that by Onslow, a clever, but somewhat cold work in the school of classical constructive form. Spohr's concerto, one of his finest, was admirably played by Herr Straus, especially the adagio and the final rondo. It was a performance in the soundest school of violin-playing, the earnest desire to interpret worthily the sentiment and style of the composition being as conspicuous as the skill displayed in surmounting the great mechanical difficulties of the work. The aria from Spohr's "Faust," composed specially for a particular singer, and interpolated in the opera long after its original production, is as yet beyond Mr. Renwick's reach as regards style. This gentleman has a splendid baritone voice, of great power and compass and agreeable quality, and he sings well in tune, but he has almost everything to learn as to dramatic expression and florid vocalization. The cadenzas in this scena, as written by Spohr, are quite sufficient tests of fluency of execution and finish of style, and Mr. Renwick showed little judgment in adding to these difficulties by supplemental passages of his own. If it had

been the intention to "show up" the English school, it could scarcely have been more effectually done than by placing Mr. Wallace's scena in the midst of a classical programme—it had almost the effect of a burlesque on the form and style so admirably exemplified in Weber's operas. The scena from "Love's Triumph" may pass in its own place, and with its own surroundings, but should not be inserted among compositions by the great masters. Auber's scena, however often heard, has a charm and vivacity which are always welcome. The second concert is to take place on April 3. At the first concert of the New Philharmonic Society, on April 5, Beethoven's choral symphony is to be given. This great work, the ultimatum of the symphonic art, has not been heard in London for several seasons.

Mr. Gye's prospectus of the coming season of the Royal Italian Opera, to commence on Tuesday next, is full of promise; and experience teaches us that what that gentleman promises is fulfilled if within the bounds of possibility. The great interest of the season will, of course, centre in the production of Meyerbeer's posthumous opera, "L'Africaine," which will first be brought out in Paris, it is said, towards the end of next month. A new grand opera by the composer of "Robert," "Les Huguenots," and "Le Prophète," is alone sufficient to cast a glory over the coming season. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca and Signor Wachtel will sustain the principal characters in this work. In addition to this, we are to have Mozart's "Zauberflöte," with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Pamina, and her sister Carlotta as the Queen of Night. "L'Etoile du Nord," too, will be a *quasi* novelty, having only been revived at the close of last season. The musical merits of this work, and the splendour with which it is given at this establishment, should render it a great attraction. Instead of M. Faure, Signor Atti is to be the Peter. Another interesting promise is Auber's "Fra Diavolo," with Signor Mario, for the first time, as the gentlemanly bandit. Signori Ronconi and Graziani, and most of the artists of last season, will re-appear; in addition to which there is a long list of new engagements, among which that of Madame Galletti promises to supply the want of a great lyric tragedian. This lady is to make her first appearance as Norma. With all these special features, in addition to the large repertoire of great works already available at this house—with its splendid and unrivalled orchestra and its energetic conductor, Mr. Costa, the season promises to be one of exceptionally great interest.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS'S "new and original sensation," called "The Woman in Mauve," after being tried upon a Liverpool audience with moderate success, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre last Saturday with more than the usual signs of a first night's excitement. The piece is very laboured in its fun—very disappointing to that portion of the audience who go to the theatre to be interested and amused, and not altogether satisfactory to those few playgoers who can appreciate good literary satire. All that is comparatively new in it has been done more vigorously, though less good-humouredly, before, in pieces like Mr. Tom Taylor's Olympic "morality" of "Sense and Sensation," while all that is old in it is so very old and threadbare, that it hardly calls for any critical comment. Mr. Watts Phillips's dramatic productions, clever as they undoubtedly are, have never been distinguished by any breadth of humour, but rather by a small cynicism, which is not rendered endurable by very great brilliancy. The opening scenes of the "School for Scandal," with all Sheridan's wit, are tiresome enough; but Mr. Watts Phillips's affected contempt for the world, as shown in many of his dramas, is far more tiresome. The "Woman in Mauve" is a nightmare tacked on to a broad farce, in which sensational literature, both on and off the stage, is incidentally satirized. It has the fault of being a little behind its time, as it attacks novels like "The Woman in White" and "Lady Audley's Secret;" and plays like "The Octoroon"—productions that are not now in the first flush of their popularity. The attack is not remarkable for its force or coherence. Two of the chief characters—a policeman and a lodging-house keeper—are not burlesque creations at all, but good, strong, serviceable, commonplace farce characters. The well-tried familiar scenes in which they are shown, the occasional coarse vulgarity of the dialogue they have to utter, the dry pomposity of Mr. Compton as the policeman, and the individual humour and eccentric dresses of Mr. Buckstone as a kind of Mrs. Lirriper, served to season a mass of mock-heroics that would have been more effective in one act than three. The mock-heroic characters are brought into contact with the matter-of-fact characters in a way which is too obvious and inartistic; and the fun drawn from this contact has so little variety that the audience are soon able to anticipate the dialogue. Mr. Sothorn has got a part in the piece—a rattlebrain young painter with a little common sense—that belongs to a class which he can never hope to attain much distinction in representing. Mr. Sothorn is wanting in so many of those light sparkling qualities which give such a charm to Mr. Charles Mathews's acting in such characters, that he is unwise to enter the field against such a competitor. His Bunkum Muller was a comparative failure, and his Frank Jocelyn in this piece can never be a great artistic success. His voice and manner are too hard for such butterfly representations, and his strength lies in giving life to something more worldly. Pedantic as Evelyn is in "Money," Mr. Sothorn would make a very bad Evelyn, but his Dudley Smooth would probably exhibit all the best qualities of his acting—particularly his effective repose.

Miss Edith Stuart, from Liverpool and Birmingham—and, we may add, Astley's—made a satisfactory first appearance as the Woman in Mauve, and Mr. W. Farren added to the effect of the piece by playing a dark, mysterious Count. The scenery was pretty, though not in harmony with the burlesque; and one or two extravagant incidents, including a leap from the top of the Colosseum at Rome, were well managed. A "tag," not written by the author, was spoken by Mr. Buckstone, who stated that an organized gang had been sent into the house, by a person who was opposed to Mr. Sothorn, to hiss the drama. Not the slightest evidence was tendered in support of this statement, and the excited audience were left to name the "person," which they did pretty freely. Mr. Boucicault was so generally associated with the charge, both in the theatre and out of it, that he could hardly avoid calling upon Mr. Buckstone for the "evidence from many sources" alluded to in the speech. Mr. Buckstone "trusts to be shortly in a position distinctly to prove his case," and in the meantime Mr. Boucicault is left under the grave charge of having been the chief in a conspiracy on so-called proofs, which appear to be nothing but the wildest hearsay. If Mr. Boucicault is supposed to be so indignant at the feeble satire of Mr. Watts Phillips, how is it that he was so calm when Mr. Tom Taylor attacked him with a far stronger hand in "Sense and Sensation?" We can afford to speak on this matter without any fear of being taken for partisans, as we have always dealt out our praise and blame impartially. The diseased vanity of an author, or of an actor, may be the only thing at the bottom of this charge, and Mr. Buckstone may have been made a tool of. If he finds that he has made a mistake, we believe him to be too honourable a man not to make the fullest apology and reparation. We have never heard a more ill-advised or unfair speech delivered from the stage, or one which more strongly illustrates the overweening vanity of actors. Mr. Buckstone and his advisers evidently thought that no one could hiss such a piece and such acting, except through motives of private revenge, and managers have doubtless been brought to this state of mind by a long course of swinish applause and sugary criticism. No drama ever had a fairer hearing, or ever tried the patience more of an average audience. The jokes in it were old, the satire was "shoppy," and the chief characters were impossible without being fantastic.

The new Irish drama by Mr. Dion Boucicault, called "Arrah na Pogue," was produced on Wednesday night, at the Princess's Theatre, with beautiful landscape scenery by Mr. Telbin and Mr. Lloyds, carefully arranged Irish music by Mr. Levey, and elaborate groups of imported Irish peasantry. Since the drama was first tried at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the November of last year, it has to a considerable extent been re-written, and the last act has been re-constructed. We have heard of pieces that have been produced at one place, rehearsed at another, and performed at a third, and "Arrah na Pogue" is one of them. The story is laid in the troublous times at the end of the last century.

Beamish M'Coul, a young Irish gentleman, has been concerned in the Rebellion, and has escaped to France. The incident of his escape from prison furnishes the title of the piece. While lying in prison, under sentence of death, his tenantry plan a means for his escape, but are unable to convey to him the particulars of their scheme, until a little girl, named Arrah Meelish, his foster sister, undertakes to deliver the paper to him. As the gaolers search her she holds the paper in her mouth, and when admitted to see Beamish, while they are watching her, gives it to him in a kiss. The little heroine is from this adventure nicknamed by the Irish peasantry "Arrah na Pogue," which in the Irish language means "Arrah of the Kiss." Some years after this event Beamish returns secretly to Ireland, to carry back to France a young lady, Fanny Power, to whom he is attached; he finds shelter in a barn belonging to Arrah, where he awaits the moment of elopement. Here the action of the drama commences. Desirous of rewarding Arrah's love and fidelity and the devotion of his peasant followers, who surround and protect him, he waylays one Feeny, the Government collector of his own confiscated estates, robs him of the money, and divides the plunder between his people and Arrah, who is ignorant of the source from which her dowry has come, for on that day she is to be married to Shaun-the-Post, a carman of the neighbourhood. The money is traced to her possession, and on her wedding-day, amidst the joyous troop around the cabin fire of her new husband, she is arrested for complicity in robbery and rebellion. She is unable to account for the possession of the money without betraying Beamish, and she has withheld all knowledge of her foster brother's presence in Ireland from Shaun, that he may not be equally involved in the capital offence he has committed, by harbouring a rebel. At this juncture Shaun, perceiving that some secret withholds her, but not suspecting what it may be, and seeing her overwhelmed with the contempt and disgrace of her position, interposes, and acknowledges that he robbed Feeny, and gave the notes to Arrah. Accompanying occurrences rather confirm the avowal, and Shaun is taken to prison. This ends the first act. In the second, Arrah confesses to Shaun the truth, and the simple-minded couple resolve that the gratitude they owe to Beamish obliges them not to betray him. Shaun is tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Meanwhile Beamish, alarmed at the attitude affairs have assumed, goes promptly to the Secretary of State, delivers himself up, and demands the release of Shaun. The release barely arrives in time to save the man's life.

This outline of the story gives little or no notion of the literary and dramatic merits of the play, which are of a very high order. "Arrah na Pogue" is as far superior to the "Colleen Bawn" as the "Colleen Bawn" was superior to the "Streets of London." It

is full of character, humour, and natural sentiment; the dialogue is most happy, closely written, and characteristic, and the story is simple, full of human interest, and admirably told. The acting of the piece is in every respect excellent. If Mr. Boucicault had not already proved himself to be the only living successor to the lamented Power, by his performance of Myles na Coppaleen, his performance of Shaun-the-Post would have completely proved it. His sentiment and humour are always kept within reasonable bounds, and though he never loses a point he never appears to be acting. Mrs. Boucicault is without a rival as an actress of pure domestic drama, and her embodiment of the honest, loving peasant girl, Arrah na Pogue, will add another to her many triumphs. A genial and characteristic Irish squire, one O'Grady, not mentioned in the sketch of the plot, but who is of great service to the piece, was admirably played by Mr. John Brougham, and Mr. Dominick Murray is entitled to the warmest praise for a most artistic piece of acting as Feeny, the villain of the drama. The minor parts were all judiciously distributed and efficiently represented; but Mr. Vandenhoff is too heavy and insincere for Beamish McCoul, and Mr. Charles, who plays an English officer, is equally insincere, though not as heavy. The grouping of the crowds was excellent, and the whole mounting of the drama showed that an author and stage-manager had been at work upon it who knew his business, and was determined to give the public value for their money. If the play is not as great a success as the "Colleen Bawn," it will not be patronized according to its merits; for we believe it to be one of the best Irish dramas ever placed upon the stage.

A new farce, by Mr. Madison Morton, called "The Steeple-chase; or in the Pigskin," was produced at the Adelphi on Wednesday night, with Mr. Toole and Mr. Paul Bedford in the principal characters. The humour of the piece depends upon Mr. Toole being compelled to assume the disguise of a donkey. There is plenty of rattle and practical business in the farce, but no originality, character, or genuine fun, and its success must be secured, as the success of many other farces has been secured, by Mr. Toole, who works harder than any low comedian ever worked before for his authors.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been played this week at Drury Lane, to give Miss Helen Faucit an opportunity of appearing in another of her celebrated characters before the termination of her engagement. Her performance wanted nothing but youth, and the powerful scene in which she takes the potion was acted with remarkable tragic force. The play was well cast and efficiently put upon the stage.

Milton's masque of "Comus" is in preparation at Drury Lane as an Easter piece, and Mr. Henry Drayton, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Miss Poole, have been engaged to sing in it.

The scenery of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is being repainted at the Olympic, we presume for the revival of the drama.

SCIENCE.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Owen read a most interesting paper upon the anatomy of the mammary gland of the *Echidna hystrix*. The echidna, which is about the lowest of existing mammals, is found, like the ornithorychus, in both Australia and Van Diemen's Land. For a long time—nearly thirty years—naturalists have been anxious to solve the problem of this creature's development. It was asserted by many that it approached birds more closely than quadrupeds in regard to its early growth. In fact, it was stated that the echidna deposited ova. The natural history of the animal has at length been completed, and in Professor Owen's elaborate memoir it is shown that the echidna is a true mammal. It brings forth its young alive and suckles them. The arrangement of the mammary gland is most peculiar. In other mammals the excreting ducts of this organ are discharged through a nipple, which the young animal grasps with its lips, but in the echidna the antipodean characters are prominent. The secreting portion of the gland consists of a number of follicles bound together by connective tissue, and connected with ducts; the latter, however, instead of opening upon the surface of the body, discharge their contents into a species of sac, which opens externally by a slit-like aperture. The young echidna thrusts its head through the slit into the cavity, and thus is enabled to swallow the nutritive secretion of the mother. Professor Owen discovered that the fore limbs of the little creature are more powerfully developed than the posterior ones, and are provided with strong claws, and from these circumstances he infers that the anterior extremities are employed in grasping the hair of the mother, in order to maintain the position of the head adapted for allowing the milk to reach the mouth. The Professor's examination of the uterus leads him to believe that the echidna is a truly applanental mammal.

A new form of fuel, composed of peat and coke, has been patented by Mr. William Smith, of Dublin. The compound is intended to be used in the smelting of iron, and it is thought that its employment will result in the production of iron equal in value to that now manufactured in Sweden. The preparation is as follows:—The coke (or charcoal) is reduced to powder, and mixed with wet peat. The mixture is then passed through moulds, and the blocks thus formed are submitted to pressure and dried. The

inventor states that peat charcoal thus prepared will stand the blast and burden of a blast furnace, and may be used with as much advantage as perfectly pure charcoal.

It is reported that a Hanoverian chemist has discovered a means of freeing iron completely from phosphorus. The method he adopts has not been yet described, but particulars will be given at the next meeting of *Gewerbeverein*, in Hanover.

In an article communicated to the last number of the *Chemical News*, Professor Church, of Cirencester, records the occurrence of crystallized *melaconite* in Cornwall. Pure cupric oxide is by no means common. In the specimens examined the crystals are brilliant, dark steel-grey, opaque, and show a shining streak; they give a velvet-black powder when finely ground. Their hardness is greater than that of *calcite*, but less than that of *fluor*; their density is above 6°. From several analyses Mr. Church concludes that the mineral contains about 98 per cent. of cupric oxide; the remaining two per cent. being matrix, in which the crystals lie.

The researches of Dr. Bence Jones give some striking proofs of the rapidity with which certain substances pass into both the vascular and non-vascular portions of the tissues. Lithium, which had been administered to a guinea-pig eight hours before death, was found in the crystalline lens. In another pig, killed two hours and a-half after the administration, the presence of lithium in the cartilage of the hip was distinctly shown. In another animal, killed an hour after the dose had been given, it was faintly shown in the hip and knee, and distinctly in the aqueous humour of the eye. It was also found in the crystalline lens and articular cartilages of human subjects who had taken lithia a few hours before death.

If this were not especially the age of startling geological discoveries, the recent announcement of M. Sismonda to the French Academy would certainly produce great sensation. This *savant* has absolutely discovered vegetable remains in the rock commonly known as Gneiss. From the drawings and photographs which have already been transmitted to M. Brongniart, this botanist has been enabled to say with certainty that the remains discovered by M. Sismonda are vegetable, and further, are those of a species of *Equisetum*, akin to *Equisetum infundibuliforme* of the coal deposits. M. Brongniart, however, thinks that the differences between the two plants are sufficient to warrant the formation of a new species, *E. Sismonda*. The impression or cast of the plant (the original specimen does not appear) was found in a piece of gneiss taken from a boulder in the Museum of Turin. The boulder is apparently from the Valteline, and evidently belongs to the mass of rocks which form the general substratum of the sedimentary deposits of the Western Alps. "At first sight," says M. Sismonda, "I took this imprint for a crystalline deposit of dendritic character;" but he was led to a very different conclusion by an examination of portions of the black powder which he obtained from it. On placing a little of this powder on a piece of platinum foil, and exposing it to heat, it burnt away completely, without leaving a trace of residue. Besides, when a portion of the impression was examined, it was found to present a number of leaflets ranged in radial manner round a point, the radii being slightly bent, and traversed centrally by a distinct groove or furrow. M. Sismonda considers that his discovery affords a decided proof of the metamorphic origin of the fundamental gneiss of the Alps. On this account he regards the carboniferous beds as belonging to the infra-Liassic series. In conclusion he observes: "The scientific importance of plants is not diminished, but has changed its character. Instead of indicating a definite geologic period, plants prove, in this special case, that in spite of geologic catastrophes which have taken place since the carboniferous period, the climatic conditions favourable to their growth and development have been perpetuated in certain localities. Suppose, for example, that the Alps once represented an island washed by a great current like the Gulf Stream, our assertions would then be facts."

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—*Monday*: Royal Geographical Society, at 8½ p.m. 1. "North Polar Expedition." Second letter from Dr. Petermann to Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "Coast of Labrador."—By Capt. R. V. Hamilton, R.N. 3. "Account of the Mackenzie River District."—By R. M'Farlane, Esq.—*Tuesday*: Zoological Society of London, at 9 p.m. "On a New Species of Bird from Madagascar," and other Papers.—By Mr. Selater. Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Discussion upon "Drainage of Paris" and "Metropolitan System of Drainage."—*Wednesday*: Society of Arts. "On Window Horticulture, and the Cultivation of Plants and Flowers in Cities and Crowded Localities."—By Mr. John Bell.—*Thursday*: Chemical Society, at 8 p.m. Anniversary Meeting.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.

THIS Society was established in 1762, and has consequently been upwards of a century in existence. It was the first society that, by the help of the scientific men of the day, based the premiums charged for the insurance of lives upon data, and graduated its premiums from year to year of age, according to the degree of risk incurred. Its application for a charter of incorporation was refused

on the ground of the extreme risk of the business it contemplated transacting, and yet the scale of premiums first charged was greatly in excess of, in fact nearly double, those now charged by the companies who exact the highest rates of premium. Notwithstanding the large premiums, as compared with existing scales, originally charged by this society, it had been in existence some twenty-eight years before it ventured to allocate any of its large surplus for the benefit of its members in the shape of additions to their policies. It enjoyed, if that is an applicable term, during this time many sources of profit which no other insurance office has had the advantage of. For the first nineteen years of its existence the premiums it received were not only much higher than those it now charges, but in many cases they were double as much; during the long course of years in which it was mainly an investing society—i. e., whilst its income exceeded the claims upon it—it bought into the public funds at much lower prices than it obtained when afterwards it was under the necessity of realising; and, strange as it must now sound, its members, in very considerable numbers, discontinued valuable policies without demanding from the society any price for their surrender. If, in addition to these extraordinary sources of profit, we consider that the affairs of the society have always been conducted with the greatest care and prudence, and with absolutely unexampled economy, we shall be prepared to believe, what is the fact, that “The Equitable Society” is the richest life insurance institution going; that is to say, that it has, *ceteris paribus*, a larger percentage of money in hand against its policies than any other office. As the society is a “mutual” one, having no share capital to claim any portion of its profits, the funds belong entirely to the members, who, in their corporate capacity, are the richest insured lives in existence.

Nevertheless, the society is not a popular one, and new members do not press into it at by any means the same rate at which they seek the protection of other insurance institutions. Is this to be attributed to ignorance, or shall we say *vox populi vox Dei*, and attempt to account for and defend the popular judgment?

Well, we think that the public are right, and that “The Equitable,” with all its claims for original prudence and enterprise, with all the economy, honesty, and success of its management, and with all its unexampled wealth, has deservedly lost the popular preference.

That we may be intelligible, we must explain the system on which the society at the end of each period of ten years ascertains its liabilities, and deals with its thus ascertained surplus. The engagements of the society are valued by a Table of Mortality (the Northampton), and a rate of interest (3 per cent.) for money, which taken together are very safe. No doubt it is theoretically possible that the members of the society might, taken one with another, attain an age at which, from the peculiarities of the Table of Mortality, this mode of valuation might perhaps prove insufficient. But let not the most timid take alarm at this. Such a state of things is not only far distant, but could never arise without being very distinctly foreseen, and it would be easy to provide against it. The effect of this mode of valuation is, that the directors of the society reserve for each policy such a sum of money as they would charge a new member on entering the society for a new policy, maintainable from year to year by paying, not the annual premium chargeable at his age, but the smaller annual premium actually payable under the old policy, which we suppose to be the subject of valuation, for the sake of ascertaining what sum of money shall be retained to provide for it when it becomes a claim. Having followed this process with all their policies, the directors ascertain the whole sum of money necessary to meet their liabilities, or the sum at which another Life Office, which used the same Table of Mortality and the same rate of interest, could afford to take their business off their hands. It is important to recognise that this mode of valuation leads to a *reserve*, which affords the same expectation of future profit as of past, except that, in the particular case of “The Equitable,” some sources of past profit, which we have already noticed cannot be expected to recur.

The liabilities thus ascertained are then compared with the funds in hand, which, in the case of “The Equitable,” are always very much larger than the liabilities. The difference is the *surplus*, or the profit which has actually accrued on the past transactions and experience of the society. If this surplus were at once divided amongst the members, the society would fall into the position of a young office, but would start afresh with a very large and profitable business, which, judging from past experience, would yield in its turn great advantages to its members.

But this is not done. Only two-thirds of the surplus are distributed amongst the members, and one-third falls into the general funds of the society, and, of course, contributes to swell the

surplus at the next and subsequent decennial valuations. The effect of this is, that the directors of the society reserve for each policy belonging to an existing member a larger sum than they would charge to a new member for insuring his life to the same amount. Thus, “The Equitable” denies to its members the advantages of Life Insurance to the extent of one-third of the ascertained surplus, and relegates that sum into a general fund for the next ten years, so that a member who dies in the interval loses one-third of the actually-ascertained surplus attaching to his policy. Some small correction of this evil is effected by awarding an annual bonus to each policy if the holder should die before the next decennial investigation; but the value of this is insignificant in comparison with the reserved surplus.

The mode in which the two-thirds of the surplus which is divided every ten years is apportioned amongst the members is to our minds curiously subversive of the true objects of life insurance. People who insure their lives pay their premiums to secure their families against the pecuniary loss resulting from premature death. A life insurance office proceeds on principles the very opposite to a tontine, in which the survivors are the winners. In a life office those who live must pay for those who die, and the object should be as far as possible to divide the common fund equally between the members, irrespective of the time of their death. If a man pays an annual premium of £30 for the insurance of £1,000 in case of death, and dies before the time comes when another annual premium falls due, it is evident that he takes a very much larger sum out of the common stock than he has put in. It is equally evident that this must be made good by others who pay in more than they take out. And this is the very essence of life insurance, viz., that those who live pay for those who die. A well and equitably conducted mutual life office should, so far as payments to its members are concerned, equalize the *pecuniary* advantages of shorter or longer life. “The Equitable” actually does this so far as the sum originally insured is concerned. If a man pays his £30 a year and gets insured in the society for £1,000, he gets this sum whenever he dies, and no inquiry is instituted as to whether he has paid one premium only or fifty premiums. He who has paid one, and he who lives to pay fifty premiums, go share and share alike: so far as the £1,000 is concerned, they agree to equalize the advantages of long life and the disadvantages of short life. We conceive it to be a very simple and undeniable corollary of this that, if the premium charged to each should turn out to be larger than need have been exacted from them, they should share the profit thereby created, as they share the common fund out of which the profit arises. But this is by no means the case in “The Equitable.” With respect to the profits which are ascertained at the end of each ten years, the principle of a tontine rather than that of a life insurance office is adopted, and the profits are accumulated on the old policies, so that those who live to old age have not only the benefit of life, but receive also a large portion of the money which should have gone to those who have not obtained that benefit. We will illustrate the working of the method by which “The Equitable” distributes two-thirds of its ascertained surplus by an example taken from the Report of the Society for the decennial period ending 31st of December, 1849. In the example of bonus additions then and previously awarded, there is one case of a policy taken out in the year 1790. Supposing this policy to have been for £1,000, the bonus additions would have been £5,260, so that in the event of his death the member's family would receive £6,260 for £1,000 insured. Another member, whose policy was taken out in 1830, would receive only £1,140 for every £1,000 insured; whilst another member, who entered in 1840, would, if he died, receive only £1,020 for £1,000 insured. Nor is this result simply due to the fact that the older members get a larger number of decennial additions. They also get a much larger bonus addition at each period. Thus, in 1849 the addition for the decennial period then closed was in one case £1,200, and in another only £20. This comparison proceeds by extreme cases; but, if we turn our attention entirely to old policies, and compare an old policy with an old one which is nevertheless not so old, instead of comparing an old policy with a new one, we find the same sort of thing, though not quite in an equal degree. Thus, whilst a policy for £1,000, dated 1790, got an addition of £1,200, one dated 1816 would get only £680.

The way in which this result is obtained is that at the end of each decennial period every policy gets an annual bonus, not for ten years, but for every year it has been in existence; so that, if a policy is forty years old, it gets four times the bonus attached to one which is ten years old. And this is repeated each ten years, and thus, in a society whose object should be as much as possible to equalize the benefits of life, we see that among people paying the

same rate of premium, one person who has the advantage of long life may draw out nearly six times as much as one who incurs the disadvantage of short life. In few words, so far as "The Equitable" is concerned, it distributes its profits on the tontine, or anti-life insurance, principle. We say, therefore, that the public who desire life insurance have sound reason on their side in the small degree of favour they show to the richest and most economically managed life insurance society in existence.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 2 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.22½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is at about the same price in London and Paris.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.6½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is therefore about 6-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

There had been a rather large amount of business in Colonial Government securities at full prices. Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) fetched 90½ 2; 5 per Cents, 80½ 79½; Cape of Good Hope 6 per Cents. (April and October, 1900), 92½; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (1878), 105½; do. (May and November, 1882), 107½; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1871-6), 93½; do. (1888-92), 91½; Queensland 6 per Cents., 103; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 109½ 1.

India Stock (1874) has been dealt in at 214½; 5 per Cents. (1870), 104½ 103½ money, 105½ account; 5 per Cent. Enfaced Paper (1872), 100½; 5½ per Cents. (1879), 109 8; Bonds, 15s. prem.

The principal fluctuation in the Foreign Stock Market was an advance of 2½ per cent. in the Confederate Loan, which went to 35½ 36½. Spanish Certificates improved ¼, to 17½ 18½; but the Passive Bonds remained steady at 33½ 34. Greek Bonds were also ¼ better, at 21½ 22½; and the Coupons ½, at 8½ 9½. Turkish Consolidés remained at 52½ 53; Mexican, ex all, at 26½ 27½; and the New Stock at 25½ 26½; Italian Five per Cents. receded ½, to 63½ 64½; while the Scrip of the New Loan rose ¼, to 3½ 3 dis.; Egyptian Seven per Cents. were ¼ better, at 95½ 96½; and Montevideo Scrip continued at 8 9 prem. The other dealings comprised: Chilean Four and a Half per Cents., 80½ 81½; Danubian Seven per Cents., 82; Italian Maremmana Railway, 68½; Peruvian Four and a Half per Cents., 1862, 81; Portuguese Three per Cents., 1856-63, 47½ 48½; Russian Five per Cents., 1822, 89½; do. 1862, 89 ½; Spanish Deferred, 41½; Turkish Six per Cents., 1858, 71; do., 1862, 73 ¼; do., £100 Bonds, 73½ 74½; and Venezuelan Six per Cents., 1862, 42.

A fair amount of business was recorded in railway shares. Great Western (West Midland, Newport) improved 3 per cent.; Scottish Central, 2; Metropolitan, 1½; Bristol and Exeter, South Devon, and West Cornwall, 1; and Great Eastern (Ordinary Stock), ½; North British (Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee) receded 1 per cent.; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, Midland, North-Eastern (Leeds and York), ½.

In preference stocks the dealings were rather numerous. Great Eastern (Eastern Counties Extension, No. 1) brought 105 4½; Great Northern Five per Cents., redeemable at 5 per cent. prem., 105 6½; London and Brighton Five per Cents. (No. 1), 100; ditto Six per Cents. (No. 2), 127; Midland (Leicester and Hitchin) Four per Cents., 90; North-Eastern Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Redeemable, 98; ditto Stockton and Darlington (B) Six per Cents., 32½; ditto (C) Six per Cents., 32½.

The following are the latest recorded prices of business transacted in Insurance Companies' shares:—Commercial Union, 8½ 9½; Eagle, 7; Equity and Law, 7½ 8½; Guardian, 50½; Liverpool and London and Globe (Six per Cent. Annuity), 122; London, 48; London and Lancashire Fire, 2½; North British and Mercantile, 18; Phoenix, 140; Union, 270; English and Scottish Marine, 5; London and Provincial Marine, 3; Ocean Marine, 22½; and Thames and Mersey Marine, 7½.

The closing (but in some cases nominal) quotations for shares in new undertakings are subjoined:—Metropolitan District Railways, 8½ to 9½ prem.; Varna Railway, 4½ to 7 prem.; Rio de Janeiro Gas, 1 to 1½ prem.; West London Docks, ¾ to 1 dis.; and Rhôs Hall Iron, 1½ to 1¾ prem.

The following companies are now applying to the committee of the Stock Exchange for the appointment of special settling days in their shares, viz.:—China Steamship and Labuan Coal Company, Victoria (London) Mining Company, Albert Insurance Company, Trinidad Petroleum Company, and General Irrigation and Water Supply Company of France.

With reference to the great bank failure, the *Birmingham Gazette* observes:—"The creditors of Messrs. Attwoods, Spooner, and Marshalls have continued to prove their debts and give powers to have the estate taken out of bankruptcy and wound up under private arrangement. The office opened by the committee in Worcester-street was largely attended on Monday, as was also, we understand, the office of Mr. John Suckling. At both places the object is to receive proofs of debt and 'powers' to take the estate out of the Bankruptcy Court. It is almost certain that the estate will not be allowed to remain in bankruptcy, but that it will be taken out of court and wound up privately. A

rumour was current in the town on Monday that a London bank is amongst those intending to tender for the property and assets of Messrs. Attwoods, Spooner, and Marshalls."

It is understood that Mr. Eric Carrington Smith has joined Mr. G. R. Marten in the conduct of the St. Alban's Bank, and that the style of the firm will henceforth be Messrs. E. C. Smith, Marten, and Co. Their London agents are Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, Lombard-street.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividends due the 1st. prox. on Boston City Sterling Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Bonds, New Brunswick Six per Cent. Bonds, and the Russian Five per Cent. Loan of 1864; also on the bonds of the South Italian Railroad Company.

The following is Messrs. Sharps and Wilkins's Bullion price current:—"Bar silver, 5s. 1d. per oz. standard, flat; ditto for India or China *via* Marseilles, 5s. 1½d. per oz., no demand; ditto, holding 5 grs. gold per 12 oz., 5s. 1½d. per oz.; fine or cake silver, 5s. 5½d. per oz.; Mexican dollars, 5s. per oz.; United States dollars, 4s. 11½d. per oz., flat; Chilean and Bolivian dollars, 4s. 11½d. per oz., flat; Bolivian half-dollars, 3s. 7½d. per oz., flat; Portuguese crusades, 4s. 11½d. per oz.; Spanish dollars (Carolus), 4s. 11½d. per oz.; ditto (Ferdinand), 4s. 11½d. per oz.; five-franc pieces, 4s. 11½d. per oz.; ditto for India *via* Marseilles, —s. —d. per oz., no demand. Bar gold, 77s. 9d. per oz. standard; ditto holding 1 oz. fine silver per 12 oz., 77s. 10½d. per oz. standard; American eagles, 76s. 2½d. per oz.; Napoleons, 76s. 4½d. per oz.; Russian imperials, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Brazilian gold coin, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Turkish sovereigns, 77s. 8d. per oz.; Australian sovereigns, 77s. 9d. per oz.; Spanish doubloons, 76s. to 76s. 6d. per oz.; South American doubloons, 73s. 10d. per oz.; quicksilver, £8 per bottle, discount 3 per cent."

The deliveries in London, estimated for the week, were 1,061,747lb, which shows a decrease of 94,459lb compared with the previous statement.

A RETURN just printed of the tariff alterations made by foreign countries during the past two years gives the following results:—Sweden has made nine changes, all of them on the liberal side, with one exception—namely, an increase of the duty on certain coarse kinds of cast-iron wares to 3s. 11½d. per cwt., which is about three times the previous rate. From gutta-percha the duty is removed, and the other alterations consist of reductions ranging between 16½ and 60 per cent. on various sorts of wrought iron, miscellaneous articles, and cotton tissues. Hamburg has made a reduction of 50 per cent. in the whole of her import duties. Portugal has enacted that tobacco shall be allowed only to be imported by contractors authorised by the Government. Spain has made several changes, all adverse, consisting chiefly of 25 per cent. additional duty on linen fabrics, and an increase, ranging from 20 to 67 per cent., on woollen goods. Italy has effected numerous modifications, all of a liberal character, chiefly consisting of reductions ranging between 13 and 74 per cent. in linen and silk goods and metals. The Papal States have reduced their duties on linen yarns and woollen druggat 60 per cent., and Switzerland has reduced her duty on arms of all kinds for private use 86½ per cent.

THE supply of money at Paris and on the Continent generally continues to increase. At Paris, discount can be obtained in the open market at from 3 to 3½ per cent.; at Frankfurt the rate is 3 to 3½; at Brussels it is 3½, at Amsterdam 4, and at Hamburg 2½.

THE advices from Brussels state that the Government is about to bring before the Chamber a project of law for a new 4½ per Cent. Loan of 60 million francs, by public subscription, the amount to be devoted to public works, &c.

TENDERS are invited for £400,000 New Zealand Government Treasury bills, being the first portion of £1,000,000 authorized to be raised, in anticipation of the Loan Act of 1863. The Treasury bills will be issued in sums of £100 and £1,000 each, with the coupons attached, bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from the date of issue—viz., April 1, 1865—payable half-yearly on the 1st day of January and the 1st day of July, redeemable as follows:—first series, £100,000, on December 31, 1866, twenty-one months' currency; second series, £150,000, on June 30, 1867, twenty-seven months' currency; third series, £150,000, on December 31, 1867, thirty-three months' currency. Both principal and interest will be made payable either at the Colonial Treasury, Wellington, or the Bank of New Zealand, London, to suit purchasers. Tenders will be received at the Bank of New Zealand up to one o'clock on the 31st inst., each tender being accompanied with a deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount tendered for. The principal and interest are chargeable upon the revenues of the colony, but will be redeemed out of the proceeds of the £3,000,000 permanent loan when sold.

THE revenue of Canada for the year 1864 has been \$15,526,000, against \$14,382,500 in 1863; the expenditure, \$14,544,000, against \$14,900,000. Revenue, less Imperial sinking fund and Montreal Bank loan, \$11,170,000; expenditure, less redemption of public debt, \$10,587,000; surplus, \$584,000. The sum of \$6,664,000 was obtained by Customs' duties.

A MEASURE for establishing a monthly steam line to China has been approved by the Washington Congress. San Francisco is to be the port of departure, and the vessels on their route to China will touch at Honolulu, and also at some port in Japan. The subsidy per annum is not to exceed \$500,000, which at the present value of the American currency will be equal only to £50,000. The schedule of time, it is observed, between London and China is now about sixty-two days, and it is proposed to make it by this route, when the contemplated Pacific Railway shall have been built, only fifty days.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LECTURES ON MAN.*

THIS is by far the most valuable and important of the series of translations in course of publication by the Anthropological Society which has yet appeared. It consists of sixteen Lectures delivered before the Useful Knowledge Society of the canton of Neuchâtel. The first eight are devoted to the consideration of "Man's place in Nature;" the next five to the "Antiquity of Man," in connection with the recent discoveries of human remains in juxtaposition with those of extinct animals; the remaining three to the "Distinction between Races and Species," together with the question of the origin of the latter, including a notice of Darwin's theory. In short, the volume is an admirable *résumé* of facts and arguments upon three of the most popular—we may almost say exciting—scientific topics of the day, by a naturalist of European reputation. It also contains many interesting particulars of cave discoveries not to be found in Sir Charles Lyell's work on the "Antiquity of Man," and hitherto unknown to the British public; is illustrated by upwards of 100 woodcuts; and supplies a want in our literature of the subject with a simplicity of treatment, yet fulness of detail, that can hardly fail of insuring for it an extensive circulation.

With respect to the problem of the mode of obtaining a standard or typical man, which seems to be regarded to some extent as an indispensable preliminary to the methodical study of his Natural History, we cannot but think that the views which have hitherto prevailed require considerable modification. What are we to understand by the statement that "the average man of Europe has been determined by Quêtelet?"—do we still believe in the existence of any average European man in the sense that was assigned to the term at the time Quêtelet commenced his investigations? Supposing Europe to be peopled, in unknown numerical proportions, by races varying a foot and upwards in average stature, what descriptive scientific precision can attach to averages thus obtained? The process is, in the value of its results, much on a par with that we should arrive at by dividing the sum-total of our coinage by the gross number of coins, to obtain the average coin of Britain. In short, such attempts are founded upon misapprehension of the possible capabilities of such statistics, and, in the light of our higher knowledge of race-distinctions, the expectations once founded on them appear essentially irrational and absurd.

If there be distinct races or species of men, which we hold to be a fact as certain as any in natural history, an average standard man—a central form of organization from which other races diverge and around which they cluster—can only be obtained by taking the mean resulting from the comparison of an average man of each race. But the consideration of this subject brings us to the question whether the typical man, the proper subject for comparison, be not, after all, the most perfect embodiment of the idea of humanity of which man's nature is susceptible—an ideal apparently nearly grasped by the Greeks, as regards beauty of form, in their statues of gods and heroes, and towards which it has been and is the destiny of man slowly to approximate.

Adverting to the difference, or rather wide divergence, of opinion amongst naturalists as to man's position in the scale of being, our author instances the views of Quatrefages, who declares in the same page that the physical differences between man and the ape are just sufficient to constitute mankind a family which must be placed at the head of the order of apes; and on the other hand, that man's intellectual faculties are so essentially distinct that he must form a separate kingdom like the animal and vegetable kingdom. His countryman, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, shares these opinions, and observes:—"Sensation and motion alone constitute the animal, and all efforts to render the definition more perfect, by adding other characteristics, only render it less philosophical and correct. The animal is distinguished from the plant by peculiar faculties which are obliterated when animality ceases, and it is by virtue of these only that it belongs to a separate kingdom. Even so is man separated from the animal kingdom by his incomparably higher qualities and capacities—by the intellectual and moral faculties which are added to sensation and motion; and it is by these that he constitutes the highest division in nature, the *human empire* above the animal kingdom." Dr. Vogt dissents from these views, and protests against the position of man being determined not according to the peculiarities of his organization, but according to qualities external to the physical organism. These two French authors, says he, "have undertaken impossibilities—to find qualities without any material substratum." His own opinion regarding the classification of mankind is that it is of the same value as that of the apes, and that both belong to a common type in the series of mammals.

Dr. Vogt dwells with great gusto, and not without (as he informs us) some malicious pleasure, on the dispute amongst naturalists concerning the cerebral structure of man and ape. "The human character," cries one, "lies not in the developed form of the adult, but in the *mode* of development." Immediately there comes another, who says, "Nonsense; the character lies in *certain parts* which are peculiar to man." "False," replies a third; "the ape also has these parts—it is the *general type* which constitutes the difference." "Wrong again," says a fourth; "that is exactly the

same in both."—That a poorly-defined posterior cornu and hippocampus minor may be seen in the lateral ventricle of apes is a fact. That parts so comparatively insignificant should ever have been regarded as strategic points—strong fortresses in the warfare to determine the relative position of man and ape—is, we conceive, by no means in favour of the claims of the former. We cannot pronounce it a dispute about a matter having no significance, because everything in nature is significant according to its rank; but what we do say is, that it is utterly void of the significance implied by the character of the dispute, and that the time is not far distant when it will be looked back upon as marking the immature and rudimentary character of the anatomical and physiological ideas of the day, with the same feeling of half-incredulous astonishment with which we regard the fierce controversies of the metaphysicians of a past age concerning "substantial forms," or the theses of the schoolmen on the knotty point of "how many angels could dance on the point of a needle."

"The cerebrum," says Dr. Vogt, "is unquestionably the seat of intelligence, consciousness, and will—consequently of all intellectual activity. . . . The question now is, whether the different intellectual functions are confined to different parts of the brain, and if so, to what parts?" He admits that mutilations have hitherto failed to yield satisfactory evidence as regards the localization of the intellectual faculties in individual parts of the cerebrum, and observes that there are normal conditions in which certain parts of the brain are less developed than others, and that such conditions may be noted in the analysis of the intellectual functions. The so-called science of phrenology rests upon such inferences; but, however correct the fundamental principles of phrenology may be, that individual functions must correspond to individual parts of the organ, the localization claimed in no way corresponds either with the intellectual faculties or with the details of the cerebral structure. Nothing can be easier than to make general assertions of this kind; but our own observations have taught us a directly opposite creed. The question is one of accuracy of perception, not to be solved by the ready-made genius for philosophic observation which finds an outlet for its activity in the mere mechanical operation of laying a rule between fixed points,—but demanding for its solution a capacity for appreciating size, proportion, and relative position, only to be attained by long study and practice, combined with more or less power of mental analysis—of *contemplating other than sensory ideas*—an endowment hardly possessed at all by some individuals. As to the dictum that the localization of the organs in no way corresponds with the details of the cerebral structure, we will merely observe that the founder of the organology, and the founder of the anatomy of the brain, were combined in the person of Dr. Gall—a man in presence of whose massive intellect, and original and profound genius as an observer, the present race of physiologists become dwarfed to the proportions of pigmies.

Dr. Broca's observations tend to prove that the average size of the Parisian skull has increased since the twelfth century, whilst in a series of skulls obtained from the *Cimetière de l'Ouest* (used from 1788 to 1824), those from the private graves exhibit a marked superiority in size over those of the paupers. This disparity presented by the size of the head in the upper and lower classes of society was many years ago pointed out by phrenologists, who have long been familiar with the fact that a very considerable difference exists in the average size demanded by the customers of a Bond-street and a Whitechapel hatter.

Dr. Vogt institutes a comparison between the negro and the German; compares the disparity between these two human types to that existing between two species of monkey, *Cebus albifrons* and *Cebus apella*; and thus announces the conclusion at which he arrives:—

"The skulls of these two species of apes, which some would distinguish as two sub-genera, are much more like each other than the skulls of most human races and even tribes. We should, in fact, detect much wider differences between the dolichocephalous skull of a Swede and the brachycephalous cranium of a Russian; between that of a Hottentot or an Austral negro; between that of an Iroquois and a Botocudo; though all these various tribes are all included in one race. We are even able to point out greater differences between individuals belonging to the same stock. It would be easy for me to show, by the juxtaposition of the skulls of a Grabünden, Zurich, or Bernese man, that these skulls of Swiss tribes differ more from each other than those of the apes we have described. Even an inexperienced individual would find it easier to separate these human skulls in a collection than to assign the above ape-skulls to different species. The unprejudiced observer cannot fail to find, as we have done, that the sum of the differences between two species of apes is in no case greater, and in many cases much less, than those obtaining between two races of mankind; and he will arrive at the conclusion that the races of mankind must either be considered as different species, or the species of apes must be designated races. But what is to become of systematic zoology, if the long and short-tailed species of apes, differing so much in external form that they have even been divided into genera, are to constitute only varieties or races?"

"All systematic natural history would go to ruin, and all simiadae, from the lowest ouistiti up to the gorilla, would be fused into one whirlpool, which would swallow up man and all his races. . . .

"As regards species, then, we hold fast by the principle that the genus *homo* consists of several species, which deviate from each other as much, if not more, than most *simiadae*; and if the principles of systematic zoology are to be of any value, they must be as applicable to the human as to the simious species."

We regret to say there are indications of a hastiness and rashness about Dr. Vogt's assumptions on doubtful scientific points which

* Lectures on Man; his Place in Creation, and in the History of the Earth. By Dr. Carl Vogt, Professor of Natural History in the University of Geneva. Edited by James Hunt, Ph.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., F.A.S.L., President of the Anthropological Society of London. Published for the Anthropological Society by Longman & Co.

must tend to lessen the weight attached to his opinions. We cannot agree with him that the Neanderthal and Engis skulls are of the same type—still less that a skull found near Solothurn, figured in profile, after a drawing by His, can be compared with the Neanderthal, except as a contrast. The profile in question bears a striking resemblance to the skulls found in the long barrows in Gloucestershire; so much so that, speaking from memory, we should say it might almost be taken to represent one of those skulls exhibited by Dr. Thurnam to the British Association at Bath. The forehead may be a shade lower, but the race-type is absolutely identical. Dr. Vogt conjectures these skulls to have belonged to Christian missionaries from Ireland; but we are inclined to think it quite as probable that their owners made good their footing by the sword as by the missal. It certainly would be a very interesting fact in ethnology, should the type prove to be the same as that of the Gloucestershire skulls—a point which an outline of the profile alone is manifestly insufficient to determine. However, it is clear they are among the most dolichocephalic of European skulls; whilst the Grison, a type of great antiquity in connection with the locality, is, of all quadrangular, or rather non-globular, forms, the most brachycephalic.

Dr. Vogt is an advocate for the origin of man from distinct and independent centres, and seems hence to infer that the great bulk of our European populations are indigenous to the soils they now inhabit—a corollary which certainly does not necessarily follow, and which we are indisposed to accept. We see no reason why we should conclude it to be improbable that some races have been extirpated, others expelled, and others again drowned in the blood of successive waves of conquerors. Europe, at the earliest historical period, appears covered with slavery and studded with aristocracies. "Wamba the son of Witless, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon," sprang not from the same blood as his master; nor do we believe that any people of homogeneous race ever elevated one portion of their brethren into a dominant and privileged caste, and voluntarily bowed down to them as superiors. On the contrary, we hold it to be indisputable that not only the *existence*, but the very *idea*, of an aristocracy necessarily presupposes a conquest by a foreign race.

The translation of Dr. Vogt's book is highly creditable, and is so easy and flowing that it might almost be supposed to have been written in English; but it is evidently the work of a literary man having no technical or scientific knowledge of the subjects on which it treats, and abounds in the blunders that might be anticipated from such a parentage. If we are correctly informed in being told that the publishing committee of the Anthropological Society do not deem the knowledge of the language from which a work is translated a necessary qualification for the individual whose name on the title-page is supposed to indicate the party responsible to the public for the accuracy of the translation, we cannot but think they have come to a conclusion by no means so likely to obtain for their publications a character for scientific accuracy as if they followed the good old-fashioned example of the Ray Society, and prefixed the name of the *bonâ fide* translator to each volume.

We cannot say we are of opinion that the value of the work is much enhanced by the notes. The Editor is doubtless a better judge of the average mental calibre of his readers than we can pretend to be; but, unless intended as an illustration of Dr. Vogt's preceding exclamation, "O sancta simplicitas!" we confess that we are at a loss to see the object of such a note as the following:—

"It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that bronze-people, stone-people, stone-skulls, are mere abbreviations for peoples and skulls belonging to the bronze or stone period.—EDITOR."

We are glad, however, to be able to state that the translation of Carl Vogt is in every respect a very great advance upon the preceding volume issued by the Society—the translation of Pouchet. Bearing in mind the wretched execution of that production, we were greatly astonished at seeing the name of the LONDON REVIEW appended to a laudatory notice of it at the end of the present publication. Upon examination, we found the feat of obtaining this favourable notice had been achieved by omitting the words, "But it must be read in the original," &c., forming the context of the quotation. To attempt to practise a deception on the public by a trick of this kind is a piece of dishonesty which most advertising tradesmen would be above committing, and we trust the Council of the Anthropological Society are in a position to offer such an explanation of the circumstance as will exonerate the Society from all complicity with such conduct.

THE HEGELIAN SYSTEM.*

HEGEL, it has been said, made the characteristic assertion, not long before his death, that, "of all his disciples, one only understood his philosophy, and he did not understand it." It appears that Mr. Sterling is desirous of filling the vacant post as interpreter of the great oracle of Berlin; and, if patient industry, independent thought, a decided taste for metaphysical inquiry, and an intellect undaunted by the paradoxical and obscure utterances of the Hegelian system, be any qualifications for the said post, our author has in these somewhat formidable volumes shown himself deserving of it. Whatever we may think individually of Hegelianism, we

cannot but feel grateful to a gentleman who has devoted "more years than he thinks it prudent to avow" to the task of unravelling its mysteries, and bringing out the chief points and central truths from the mass of misty thoughts and perplexing words in which the "secret" is wrapped. How difficult the task is which Mr. Sterling has undertaken, it requires but little knowledge of the philosopher to comprehend. First of all, Hegel's general turn of thought is eminently un-English; not only is it, like most other German philosophy, abstract, but it is many degrees more abstract than the tone of even such speculations as those of Schelling, Fichte, or Jacobi. As Professor Ferrier remarks, "the atmosphere, or rather vacuum, of Hegel is one in which no human intellect can breathe." Then, as we might expect, the English language does not readily lend itself to the expression of such a philosophy: not that we mean thereby to depreciate a tongue in which Hume and Berkeley, Newton and Locke could perfectly express their profound and varying systems; but the point of view occupied by the great German metaphysicians, beginning with Kant, was of so original a nature, and was worked out by Kant's successors with such details, and with such independence and freedom in the creation of words, that it might almost be said that each philosopher requires his own lexicon, or at least a glossary, for his theories to be thoroughly appreciated. Consequently, when their doctrines are translated into English, it is found necessary to add some very grotesque-looking and odd-sounding terms to our language. Such unnatural compounds as the "To-be-to," "Being-in-self," "Beent-for-self," "Becoments," and others, which, for fear of terrifying our readers, we suppress, are yet absolutely indispensable, if a system like Hegel's is ever to be made intelligible to an English public. Another great difficulty in the exposition of Hegelianism seems to us to lie in the fact that its author was content to be obscure and misunderstood. He never made any effort to explain his system, or account for it, or exhibit its connection with previous philosophies. To him it was enough that he had produced a system; he left it to his readers to make what they could of it. His lectures at Jena were, we believe, attended only by four listeners; but the man who could be finishing the "Phänomenologie des Geistes" amid the roar of the French artillery under the city walls, was obviously too much bent on his speculations to care for those to whom they were addressed. No doubt, such indifference is a mark of confidence in the *truth* of opinions, but it is not likely to ensure their intelligibility. And one more difficulty in Mr. Sterling's undertaking is created by his having, it may be said, to break entirely new ground. Other German philosophers have attracted some attention, at all events, if they have not received much elucidation, from English writers. Few of our countrymen with any pretensions to cultivation would confess ignorance, for example, of Kant's "Kritik of Pure Reason;" the dreamy beauty, and almost piety, of some parts of Schelling and Fichte have not been without English admirers; but, if we mistake not, Hegelianism has been hitherto with us a sealed mystery, or, if mentioned at all—excepting, perhaps, the least esoteric of his works, the "Philosophy of History"—mentioned only to illustrate the futility or extravagance of metaphysical inquiry. No one ever suspected Coleridge of any profound study of the works which his ingenious audacity enabled him to discuss and criticize without the labour of investigation; and even Sir William Hamilton, whom, of all our countrymen, we should have been least disposed to charge with indolence in study or rashness in assertion, has been shown by Mr. Sterling to have imbibed but slight draughts from the original sources of Hegelian philosophy.

For these and many other reasons, therefore, we welcome most cordially these volumes of Mr. Sterling. They might, perhaps, have been shortened, especially in the second volume, by the omission of some of his violent tirades against the spirit of the age we live in. They might be improved by a better order of their contents. "Notes," and "Remarks upon Notes," are strung together somewhat confusedly, as it appears to us. The absence of an Index makes it almost impossible for a reader to find out Hegel's belief on any particular point without wading through a thousand pages of as hard English as can be found in the whole course of our literature. Mr. Sterling has also permitted his own style to defile itself a little with the muddy waters of German philosophy. We do not complain of such expressions as those alluded to above, which are absolutely necessitated by the peculiar modes of philosophical thought; but where there were ample means of clothing a thought in English dress—as where he talks of "speech having never come to a thorough breaking-through with him," or "of light coming up" to a person, for a thing occurring to him, and in many similar cases—we feel that our author might, with a little more care, have expressed himself with the same felicity as he has done elsewhere. But we scarcely like even to refer to such slight blemishes in a work which is the monument of so much labour, erudition, perseverance, and thought. We do, however, sincerely urge the addition of a good Index, because, being impressed with the value of Mr. Sterling's exposition of Hegel, we feel that many, who will be unequal or disinclined to mastering it as a whole, might derive much benefit from it by being supplied with means of reference to its parts.

The main point which Mr. Sterling aims at establishing is the development of the system of Hegel out of that of Kant. He attempted, as he informs us, to discover the "Secret of Hegel" out of Hegel's own writings, but failed. It was only after a careful examination of the Kantian philosophy, especially in the three leading works—"the Kritik of Pure Reason," the "Kritik of Practical Reason," and the "Kritik of Judgment"—that he dis-

* The Secret of Hegel; being the Hegelian System in Origin, Principle, Form, and Matter. By James Hutchison Sterling. Two vols. London: Longman & Co.

cerned Hegel to be the re-producer and the perfecter of the great philosopher of Königsberg. The "Studies" of Kant, after which our author made his discovery, he is, it seems, preparing for publication; and when completed they will form a valuable introduction to these volumes on Hegel. Mr. Sterling refers to six points in particular, as to which the origin of Hegelian doctrine is clearly to be traced to his illustrious predecessor: we give them in our author's own words:—

"There is the light derived from—(1) The externalization of the categories; (2) The generalization of the same; (3) The utilization of the branch of logic (viz., simple apprehension), left vacant by Kant; (4) The realization of logic in general; (5) The Kantian theory of perception; and (6) The reduction of what we may call the concrete faculties of man—cognition, emotion, will—under his abstract one, as named in logic,—simple apprehension, judgment, and reason."

Here are briefly summed up several of the leading points wherein the genesis of Hegel's system from that of Kant can most clearly be traced. No acknowledgment of such influence exercised upon him by his great predecessor appears in the works of Hegel; indeed, he appears, as Mr. Sterling candidly confesses, to have treated Kant much worse than Aristotle treated Plato—"with ingratitude, rude, coarse, and even brutal in its expression." Still, in spite of Hegel's "mean and interested concealment," Mr. Sterling shows, by several dissertations on the above points, that the debt is an unmistakable one, however little acknowledged, and that the "philosophy of the Absolute," in the hands of Hegel, is simply an evolution from the principles of his great master.

The works of Hegel which our author pronounces to be the best exponents of his system are the "Logik" and the "Encyclopædie der Philosophischen Wissenschaften." Nearly half of Mr. Sterling's work is taken up with a translation of one portion of the *Logik*, the extreme technicality and dryness of which will attract but few readers. At the same time, its doctrines lie at the bottom of the system, since logic with Hegel is as much the science of *things* as the science of *thoughts*, embracing what is included in metaphysics no less than in the ancient dialectics. Indeed, our author seems to have omitted nothing that was necessary to the elucidation of the "Aristotle of the nineteenth century." He does not follow his oracle blindly; he does not disguise his imperfections of character or style. Yet he is a profound believer in the moral and even Christian tendencies of Hegelianism, and considers that the restoration of that philosophy can alone "reconcile and neutralize atomism and materialism," and confirm the belief in God, immortality, and free-will.

We would have one last word with Mr. Sterling in reference to this point. We are quite disposed to agree with him as to the ignorant and unjust denunciation of German philosophy among English readers. We fully acquiesce in the general tendency of their systems being called constructive and conservative, rather than negative and destructive. We might not be disinclined to ascribe the modern English tendency to materialism and adoration of physical science in some degree to the absence of culture and interest in metaphysical speculations; but we cannot follow Mr. Sterling in his judgment that through the philosophy of Hegel alone can the restoration of belief be effected. Mr. Buckle may make a very bad teacher of the age; but we question whether Hegel, even if made intelligible, would make a better. We are quite aware that the language of Christianity—of its history, its doctrines, even its sacraments—is often to be found in the philosopher's works, and (what can be said of few) is never, that we can remember, mentioned otherwise than in seriousness and in reverence. But a God who is "realized self-consciousness," a Christ who is the "process of the unconscious Infinite," a Creation which is "God's thought," and a Universe which is "God's externalization," may be ideas to satisfy a philosopher, but they certainly are not the realities of Christian belief. Revelation evaporates in the process of construing it into the philosophy of the Absolute. For our part, we can recognise the modesty and the wisdom of Kant, who denied to reason equally the right and the power of philosophizing about Divine things; but of all the dangerous guides from the professorial chairs of Germany, none seems to us so dangerous as the philosopher who, claiming the right of searching after and measuring the Supreme by his reason, covers and defends many of his metaphysical crotchets by clothing them in the language of Revelation.

THE DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.*

We have but one fault to find with this work—there is too much of it. Nearly 1,000 pages filled with perils and adventures on sea and land is rather more than enough for an intellectual feast; yet, as the interest seldom flags, and Mr. Woods is never dull, we hope his readers will be as numerous as the subject is attractive. One thing, however, is wanting, and that is a good index, which would greatly increase the value of the history.

The name of the discoverer of the great Australian continent is unknown: it was probably Magellan (Magalhaens), and was certainly a Portuguese, some time before 1540. Brave, adventurous men were those Lusitanians, steering their unwieldy arks into every sea, and keeping their discoveries secret, lest the exacting Spaniard should claim them under the Papal bull as his own.

* A History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia. By the Rev. Julian E. Tenison Woods. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

But neither Portuguese, nor Dutchmen after them,—nor Torres, who comes upon the stage, and then vanishes like a ghost,—nor Tasman, more fortunate than Columbus in giving a name to the land he discovered,—nor buccaneering Dampier,—did so much for Australia as that great navigator who, beginning life as cabin-boy on board a collier, fell by the hand of a savage on a remote island of the Pacific. For three-quarters of a century no foreign sails had visited the great southern land, when an approaching transit of Venus gave rise to several expeditions for its more convenient observation. The Royal Society—not at that time a sort of select vestry, but the faithful representative of the science of England—proposed an expedition to the South Seas, the command of which was given to Captain James Cook, and with him sailed Joseph Banks and Solander. It is not often that three such men can be found on board the same ship. Cook's first voyage decided the fate of Australia. In 1770—it will soon be a century old—he discovered Botany Bay; and in January, 1788, "on a hot summer's morning," the first shipload of convicts was landed there. For sixty years after, comfortable, unburlarious Englishmen knew the country only as a penal settlement. It was all Botany Bay to them. Emigrants found their way thither but slowly, for the distance was great, and convicts were not always the most eligible neighbours. The settlements grew, but could hardly be said to thrive, until at once, as if by the touch of Harlequin's wand, everything changed, and there was a rush of emigrants, far beyond the means of transport, to ports and places of strange names, that you looked for in vain upon the map. It was the discovery of gold. On the 12th of February, 1851, Mr. E. H. Hargraves stuck his trowel into some sand in the Bathurst district, and brought up a few minute specks of that metal which, periodically, sets the world into a yellow fever. Australia was really found at last; and she started at once upon a career of prosperity, which, under the circumstances, is unequalled. But these are not matters which come within the scope of Mr. Woods's volumes; his heroes are not gold-diggers, but the self-sacrificing men who, in the pursuit of science, have gone forth with their lives in their hands, and have freely spent them in the cause.

Maritime exploration and survey is comparatively an easy matter. The Beechey or the D'Urville of the hour has a stout ship to carry him, and all the stores and comforts he may require within his reach. If he falls sick, there is a doctor to cure him and nurses to tend him, and his floating hospital will soon remove him, if necessary, to a healthier coast, or put him within reach of all the resources of the modern healing art. He travels at his ease, stops when and where he likes, and has a choice of routes, any one of which will take him home. But the overland explorer has none of these advantages: it is he who carries the ship, and not the ship him. He must go where foot of man perhaps never trod before, and where he has to cut every yard of his way through the forest. If he falls ill, he must lie where he falls, and get well or die there in the desert. He can do nothing without intense personal fatigue, and he must often push on day after day by a series of forced marches, lest his provisions should fail, his water dry up, and he be heard of no more among men, as was poor Leichhardt's fate. Even now, our knowledge of Australia, as compared with its unknown area, hardly extends beyond a narrow fringe round its coasts. A thin line stretching across from one margin to the other, but serves the more strongly to show the extent of our ignorance. The first of the "overlanders" was Hamilton Hume, and in 1824 he formed one of a party which tried to open a route between Sydney and Port Phillip. The adventurers soon learnt that they had attempted a task of more than ordinary difficulty. Perpendicular mountain walls barred the way in front; deep rocky chasms, cut by primeval torrents, prevented them from diverging to the right or to the left. But they were rewarded by the discovery of the Australian Alps, a range of snow-clad mountains, shining with dazzling brightness under a November sun. Hume had the good fortune also to make the sea-coast near the spot where the busy Geelong now stands. Ships of every nation now float upon those then lonely waters, and the hills, once rarely trod even by the foot of the savage, re-echo with the shrill whistle of the locomotive. About the same time, Oxley discovered the Brisbane River, and Cunningham the Darling Downs, a wonderful expanse of waving grass, with no boundary but the horizon, except the faint outlines of the distant mountains. But there was no road to this grassy sea; though barely 70 miles from the nearest settlement, it could only be reached by a circuitous course of 400 miles. Cunningham determined to seek for a more direct route, and, having a sort of instinct for passes, he succeeded in discovering one which led through a mountain gap, with sandstone precipices on each side, rising to the height of 4,000 feet. It is still the main line of communication between Brisbane and the Downs.

In 1828, the exploration of Australia took a different course. Geographers argued then (and there are a few who do so still) that the centre of Australia was a vast lake—in fact, an inland sea. The greater part of the rivers seemed to drain inland; the birds appeared to fly periodically in a westerly direction; the native savages spoke of wide waters they had crossed, tenanted by large fish. So firmly convinced of the existence of this lake was Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Foot, that he volunteered to take charge of an expedition to search for these inland waters. He started from Sydney, but did not find the sea; he had, however, the good fortune to come upon the Darling river, which he traced down to its mouth. His return was a dreadful trial; and the story may well be told among our antipodes as "one of the glories of Australia, how six men ventured some thousands of miles through a country

infested by hostile savages, with no other conveyance than an open whale-boat."

It was Major Mitchell's good fortune to discover Australia Felix. The news acted like magic throughout the colony; and every person who could muster a few hundred sheep was off to find a run for them in those green pastures which lay at the foot of the Australian Pyrenees, in whose flanks have since been discovered the most abundant gold-mines that the world can show. This is the dividing point in the history of Australian exploration: a new race of heroes now comes upon the field—heroes like Eyre, who crossed the Australian Bight with a single companion; like Sturt, who almost crossed the continent with two men and a few horses; or like Burke and Wills, who did their work as Englishmen should do it, and nobly laid down their lives in the task. We may search history in vain for men such as these: England, that *nutrix leonum*, alone produces them. No histories of travel and adventure, no works of fiction, contain so much exciting interest as the stories of these heroes. It is wonderful how little is known of them here; but Mr. Woods's second volume will do much to dispel this ignorance, and to make their names household-words among us, as they are in Australia.

It would be useless to attempt to give an outline of the twenty-two years between 1840 and 1862—between Eyre's first expedition to the centre of Australia and Stuart's last. John M'Douall Stuart was in many respects a remarkable man; he had been out with Sturt in 1845 as draughtsman, and in 1858 started on his own account, with only one companion, besides a native, and five horses. This was a sort of trial trip; and full of trials it was. How the little party existed, it was impossible to tell; from a mouse to an opossum, from a crow to a wallaby, they ate everything; clean or unclean was nothing to starving men. Stuart made other trial trips, "wonderful journeys," as our author very justly calls them; but, before he could get fairly off upon the great object of his life, Burke and Wills, starting from Melbourne, had reached the Gulf of Carpentaria, where the Flinder's river flows into the sea. The terrible conclusion of their expedition is still fresh in Australian memories. From the first, the party was badly organized; four poorly-fed men had to manage six camels, and force their way through untrodden scrubs. They reached the sea with perhaps fewer obstacles than other explorers had met with; but they had a return journey of at least two months before them, and only 143 pounds' weight of provisions. On the 21st February, 1861, they turned their faces southwards. They fell sick, their stores failed them, they killed three of the camels, and one horse, which helped them a little, and they lost another camel. Their daily ration was a quarter of a pound of damper, with twelve small strips of dried camel's flesh. In less than two months' water failed, and Gray, one of the party, died. They buried him in the desert, and then camped for a day. *That small delay cost them their lives.* When they started afresh, they abandoned everything except the two camels, their fire-arms, and a little meat. They rode literally for their lives, and at last reached the dépôt. It was deserted; the relief party had left that very morning. They started again, full of hope; but both their camels sank at last. They fell in with friendly natives, who helped them to their utmost; but it was in vain. Starvation and cold nights—it was June and midwinter—soon did their work. Wills was the first to sink, when, leaving him with food for eight days, Burke and King went off to seek assistance. He was never seen alive again. Two days after that, Burke gave way, and King was left alone—the last man in the desert. When the savages saw Burke's corpse, "they wept bitterly," King tells us, "and covered it with branches, and were much kinder to him than before." By their help he was saved to tell the story, and it is agreeable to add, that they were suitably rewarded for their kindness.

M'Kinlay, travelling partly in Burke's footsteps, succeeded also in reaching the sea; while Stuart, who, in 1861, had advanced further north than any of these explorers, was determined not to be baffled. Early in January, 1862, he started again, and in July he stood on the shores of the Indian Ocean:—

"He washed his hands and dipped his feet into the water, to make his actual crossing from sea to sea perfectly complete, and having cut his initials upon a tree and hoisted a flag, the party gave three cheers for the Queen and three for the Prince of Wales. Beneath the tree he buried a record of his visit, and having picked up a few shells, he bade farewell to the north coast which he had visited, close to Cape Hotham. Of the triumph thus secured to Australian discovery it is needless to speak. No man deserved his success better than Stuart; no man had laboured so long and so perseveringly to obtain it."

In December, he was back at Adelaide.

A glance at the map given with these volumes shows us how little the explorations therein recorded have added to our knowledge of the interior of Australia. Could a man stand upon that central mountain named after Stuart, and see the huge continent outstretched around him, he would find that westward for twelve and a half degrees of latitude and longitude there is almost a total blank. Of this area, containing nearly half-a-million square miles—a space greater than the area from the Rhine to the Straits of Gibraltar—nothing whatever is known. A desert table-land, rising to 3,000 feet above the sea-level stretches all round. The eastern portion of the continent is more explored, and appears to be more fertile than the western. Much of that vast country must always remain a waste. The soil is in places little better than a drift of red sand, strewn with fragments of a tertiary ferruginous sandstone, which greatly impede travelling; but then the valleys along the rivers are always fertile, and so is the country at

the foot of the basaltic ranges. For centuries to come, there is room for the largest increase of population, and places found waste and barren, because the explorers crossed them in the dry season, may become as populous as the districts of Lachlan and the Murrumbidgee, which Lieutenant Oxley declared in 1830 "to be unfit for the habitation of civilized men."

EPIS ET BLUETS.*

It is not uncommon here in England to call in question the poetical faculty of the French, because their theory of poetry differs greatly from ours. But, in questions purely literary, it is difficult for the writers of one nation to judge fairly of the productions of another, because every community has its idiosyncrasy, just as every individual has; and the more complete the idiosyncrasy, the more intolerant the taste. The French themselves are a good example of this peculiarity of the various sections of mankind, since, as a rule, they think meanly of other literatures and other languages, though the Chevalier de Chatelain unquestionably forms an exception to the general rule. He is partial to English literature, above all to English poetry, and has done more than any other foreigner we can name to make his countrymen acquainted with what our own countrymen have achieved in verse: he has given them Chaucer; he has given them two of the greatest plays of Shakespeare; he has selected from contemporary literature some of the most exquisite specimens of the English muse; and, with singular tact and success, has clothed our thoughts in a French dress. On the present occasion he comes forward with an original volume of poems, lyrics, and songs: some tinged with that light satire of which the writers of France are such masters; others abounding with passion and pathos; while others, again, are wild and fanciful, and therefore adapted, we should imagine, to our English taste. It is almost necessary to have lived in France, to have heard children lisp on the Seine, on the Loire, on the Garonne, or on the Rhone, to relish thoroughly the sprightly lyrics and songs of our neighbours. When we affirm or admit that the French are not a poetical people, we do not exactly mean what we say. They have a traditional style in poetry, which was once ours also, but has recently ceased to be so. They still make use of the ancient mythology, and address the Muse

"Once in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth."

They steep their expressions in dews from Aganippe,—they listen to the whispers of the Dodonean oaks,—until all France appears to be but one great reflection of ancient thought and fancy. But this is only appearance. No writers are in truth more original, more impregnated with a national spirit, more exquisitely modern, than the poets of France. They seize on the popular sympathies of the hour, and translate them into prose or verse with inimitable felicity: hence their immense popularity in Europe; for to know French literature is to know France. There are exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, the tone of French poetry is manly, enlarged, liberal, subversive of despotism, and replete with sympathy for the poor and needy. It may truly be said to be represented by the following verses, which we invite our readers to translate, and try how they will look in English:—

"Les gueux, les gueux, sont des gens heureux!
Ils s'aiment entre eux:
Vive les gueux!"

One of M. de Chatelain's prominent characteristics is a partiality for this country; he loves our solitary woods, among which some of the sweetest little poems in the present collection have been composed. The compliment he pays to England we pay to France, since there is not a spot on this side the Channel in which we should like half as well to muse or write verses as in the woods of Montmorency, Chantilly, or Fontainebleau, where there is generally sunshine raining down to the grass between the leaves. But *chacun à son goût*. M. de Chatelain prefers the New Forest, the Malvern Hills, or the Grampians, and in the midst of these scenes is pleased, perhaps by way of contrast, to remember the glowing south. Yet he has never written a sonnet to a snow-flake, or to a foggy day, or to the east wind, though here in London he has the pleasure of facing it half the year round, mixed up with the smoke from a million of chimneys. One of M. de Chatelain's most popular effusions is a song entitled "J'ai de l'Argent," a pleasant thing to affirm, in France no less than in England. People sang it universally in America as well as in Europe, exactly forty years ago, when the distinction was just as coveted as it is in these latter days. The verses to a coquet are likewise very graceful and lively, as are those called "Bug-Jargal to Maria." Among the legends, one of the most curious is that entitled "The Seven Churches"—a trifle too long, perhaps, but replete with romantic interest. The scene is laid in Ireland, amid lakes, bogs, saints, kings, and hermits. The author, by the way, is fond of Ireland and the Irish; and one of the prettiest of his translations—the original of which our readers may perhaps know—is entitled "Les Moines de Kilcre:—"

"Three monks sat by a logwood fire!"

From this the transition is rather violent to "Touch not the little Birds," one of the sweetest short poems we remember to have read

* Epis et Bluets. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. Londres: Rolandi.

—full of tenderness, full of delicacy, with a strong spice of humour interfused. Such of our readers as are acquainted with M. Michelet will doubtless recollect the curious passage in which he attacks the destroyers of small birds. A flight of these most harmless among our fellow-creatures, passing over the Channel from England to France, hold a colloquy in the sky; and the most philosophical among them exclaims, "Take care, my friends! alight not on this land of murderers! Diverge to the Alps—to the Pyrenees—in any direction, so you avoid the soil of France. Fly to the rock of victory—cross over into Africa; there the Muslims will cherish you, and pay you with crumbs for your songs. But in France—bah!" Exactly in this spirit is M. de Chatelain's "Ne Touchez aux Petits Oiseaux," which we would strongly recommend to the consideration of that lady who boasted not long ago of having murdered five thousand sparrows. Let someone translate it and send it to her, and let her read it nightly before she lays her head on her pillow. It will do her good, if she has anything of the woman left in her. M. de Chatelain is not an imitator, yet he often reminds us of La Fontaine, more, perhaps, through the form of his verse, than from any resemblance in the thoughts. We are not a very translating people; otherwise, there are numbers of poems in this volume which we should fancy would tell well in English. Yet they would be the least characteristic, since that which is French *par excellence* can only be relished in the French language.

CALIFORNIA.*

SINCE its annexation to the United States of America, and especially since the discovery of its extensive gold fields, California has rapidly risen from a comparatively wild and desolate province to a State of considerable commercial wealth and importance. Large and flourishing towns and cities have quickly sprung up, and often as speedily disappeared, having been more than once almost entirely destroyed by fire; while extensive factories, wholesale warehouses, forts, dockyards, military stations, schools, and other features, indicative of the growing prosperity of a rich and thriving country, have been established within only a few years. The land also abounds in grand and beautiful scenery, including vast forests of pine, fir, and oak; long ranges of lofty and majestic mountains; rocky and precipitous glens and ravines, wild cataracts, and immense caverns. Mr. Hutchings's book gives a vivid description of the remarkable objects, both of nature and art, which are to be found there, and contains some useful information to travellers in that part of the world. The author, who is evidently an American, supposes himself and his readers to be traversing the spots and places he describes, and accordingly writes his narrative in a style appropriate to the occasion. A great portion of what he relates is apparently derived from his own personal knowledge of the country; but a good deal is likewise quoted from the works of other writers who have travelled at different periods in California and the adjacent territory. The opening chapter of Mr. Hutchings's work is devoted to an account of some mammoth trees forming the grove called Calaveras, the discovery of which, our author avers, has elicited more general interest, and created a stronger tax "upon the credulity of mankind," than perhaps "the discovery of any wonder in any part of the world." "Indeed," he continues, "those who first mentioned the fact of their existence, whether by word of mouth or by letter, were looked upon as near, very near, relatives of Baron Munchausen, Captain Gulliver, or the celebrated Don Quixote." This prodigious grove was first discovered by mere accident, in the spring of 1852, by Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter in the service of the Union Water Company in Calaveras country. He was employed to supply the workmen with fresh meat from the game which ran wild in the neighbourhood, and, while engaged in that pursuit, came one day in the forest upon an enormous tree. He was for a time lost in wonder, and, on telling his comrades of the discovery when he returned to Murphy's Camp, they at first disbelieved him, thinking he was attempting to practise some hoax, or "first of April joke;" but, on the Sunday following this event, having, at Mr. Dowd's request, joined him in bringing into their camp a large grizzly bear which he (Mr. Dowd) had previously killed in the forest, these sceptics, after journeying through woods and thickets, and across ridges, flats, and ravines, suddenly came in sight of the tree which their guide had already seen, and were as much astonished at its prodigious height and girth as Mr. Dowd had been before them. The Mammoth Tree Grove, it seems, consists of fifty acres of land, comprising a hundred and three trees of an immense size, twenty of which are seventy-five feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. Many of these trees have been deformed and injured by the destructive fires which have devastated this forest at different times. One of the monarchs of the Brobdingnagian grove was cut down some time since, and nothing but the stump now remains. The tree measured three hundred and two feet in height, and was ninety-six feet in circumference at the ground. It took five men to fell it, which they effected, not by chopping the stem, but by boring it by means of pump-augers. Their labour occupied them no less than one-and-twenty days. Specimens of the tree, with its cones and foliage, were then sent to England for examination. Upon the remaining stump, which is nine yards in diameter, thirty-two persons have, with ease, danced four sets of cotillions at the same time, exclusive of

* Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California. By James M. Hutchings. London: Chapman & Hall.

musicians and spectators, while, upon the upper part of the same, an alley has been constructed for playing at bowls. Another immense tree, called "The Father of the Forest," has fallen, and lies half-buried in the soil, surrounded by numerous gigantic trunks, forming a kind of family circle; whence, probably, the name. Within the trunk of this tree, which is hollow, people can walk upright, and in the stem of another prostrate tree, which has been burnt out at different times, a man can ride on horseback for sixty feet. Most of the other trees of this forest are called by various fanciful names, according to their peculiar features or attributes, such as, "Hercules," "The Hermit," "The Old Bachelor," "The Old Maid," "The Husband and Wife," "The Mother and Son," "The Siamese Twins," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Three Graces," &c. Upon some of them, certain visitors have carved their names, with the dates—a practice which has been prevalent in England almost from time immemorial, and which seems to be as common in the land of our transatlantic brethren as in the mother-country.

We are next introduced to the caves and natural bridges of Calaveras county. The latter are extremely curious objects. They are here of considerable size, and are formed chiefly of limestone rock. Various causes have been assigned for their original construction. Some natural caves were casually discovered near an arm of the Calaveras river in October, 1850, by a party of miners engaged in rifle-shooting at a mark. A description of one of them is copied in Mr. Hutchings's book from the *Pacific*, a local Californian newspaper, and, judging by this account, the place appears in many respects to resemble some of the subterranean caverns that abound in the north of England, especially the Peak Cave, in Castleton, Derbyshire. But the most marvellous locality in California, and one more abounding in strange sights and natural phenomena than any of the rest, appears to be the Yo-Semite Valley. It was first discovered in the summer of 1850, during a feud which unhappily arose in that year between some American settlers in San Francisco and the chiefs of the aboriginal native Indian tribes. Of this event, which seems to have been caused entirely by some unfortunate mistakes committed by one of the Indian chiefs with whom the Americans were at first on friendly terms, an admirable account has been furnished to the author of the present work by an eye-witness, one Dr. L. H. Bunnell. Mr. Hutchings has devoted a very long chapter of his book to the Yo-Semite Valley, and its history, geography, scenery, and surrounding objects. We quote his description of one of its most striking features, called the "Stand-point of Silence":—

"We would here suggest, that if any visitor wishes to see this valley in all its awe-inspiring glory, let him go down the outside of the ridge for a quarter of a mile, and then descend the eastern side of it for three or four hundred feet, as from this point a high wall of rock, at your right hand, stands on the opposite side of the river, that adds much to the depth, and, consequently, to the height of the mountains.

"When the inexpressible 'first impression' has been overcome, and human tongues regain the power of speech, such exclamations as the following may find utterance:—'Did mortal eyes ever behold such a scene in any other land?' 'The half had not been told us!' 'My heart is full to overflowing with emotion at the sight of so much appalling grandeur in the glorious works of God!' 'I am satisfied!' 'This sight is worth ten years of labour,' &c., &c.

"The following anecdote will help to illustrate the gratification of witnessing this sight:—

"A young man, named Wadilove, when on his way to the valley, had fallen sick with fever at Coulterville, and who, consequently, had to remain behind his party, became a member of ours; and, on the morning of the second day out, experiencing a relapse, he requested us to leave him behind; but, as we expressed our determination to do nothing of the kind, at great inconvenience to himself, he continued to ride slowly along. When at Hazel Green, he quietly murmured, 'I would not have started on this trip, and suffer as much as I have done this day, for ten thousand dollars.' But, when he arrived at this point, and looked upon the glorious wonders presented to his view, he exclaimed: 'I am a hundred times repaid now for all I have this day suffered, and I would gladly undergo a thousand times as much, could I endure it, and be able to look upon another such a scene.'"

The remainder of Mr. Hutchings's book contains descriptions of all the other wonders and curiosities, natural and artificial, animate and inanimate, which he saw in California. These included mountains, caves, lakes, mines, the gold-diggings, sea-fowl, and other birds, sea-lions, natural fountains, and waterfalls. Although a little too sketchy at times, and rather too much spun out at others, and notwithstanding that the work is slightly tinged with occasional American slang, and perhaps a few national prejudices besides, it is on the whole very entertaining, and written in a pleasant, chatty, and gossiping style. A legend of one of the mountains of Lake Ah-Wi-Yah, in the Yo-Semite Valley, related by an old Indian to a gentleman who afterwards published it in an American journal, is here given. It is a very beautiful story, most charmingly told, and in its general tone and character bears some resemblance to the ancient Greek fables. We regret that we are unable to quote it, owing to its length.

Geysers, or hot springs, something resembling those of Iceland, are likewise to be found in California. The water of some is medicated, and abounds in sulphur, iron, soda, alum, and other minerals. Mr. Hutchings finishes his book with an exploration of some curious natural caves, situated near to an alabaster lime-kiln. We give his account of a part of one of them, with which we must close our notice:—

"Descending toward the left, we approach one of the most beauti-

ful stalactitic groups in this apartment. Some of these are fine pendants, no larger than pipe-stems, tubular, and from two to five feet in length. Three or four there were, over eight feet long; but the early-admitted Vandals destroyed or carried them off. Others resemble the ears of white elephants (if such an animal could be known to natural history), while others, again, present the appearance of long and slender cones, inverted.

"By examining this and other groups more closely, we ascertain that at their base are numerous coral-like excrescences of great beauty; here, like petrified moss, brilliant, and almost transparent; there, a pretty fungus, tipped with diamonds; yonder, like miniature pine-trees, which, to accommodate themselves to circumstances, have grown with their tops downward. In other places are apparent fleeces of the finest Merino wool, or floss-silk.

"Leaving these, by turning to the right we can ascend a ladder, and see other combinations of such mysterious beauty as highly to gratify and repay us. Here is the loftiest part of this chamber.

"Leaving this, you arrive at a large stalagmite that resembles a tying-post for horses, and which has been dignified, or mystified, by such names as 'Lot's wife' (if so, she was a very dwarf of a woman, as its altitude is but four feet three inches, and its circumference, at the base, three feet one inch), 'Hercules' club,' 'Brob-dignag's forefinger,' &c.

We have only to add that the work is illustrated by more than a hundred engravings, which were executed under the author's superintendence from photographs of the scenes. Some of them are excellent, and they all agreeably depict the scenes and places described in the letterpress.

BOOKS OF POEMS.*

SIX years ago, on the occasion of the Burns Festival at the Crystal Palace, it was announced that the winner of the prize offered for the best poem in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the peasant-poet's birth was a Miss Isa Craig. The name was at that time perfectly unknown to the general public; but Scotchmen were pleased to find that the distinction had fallen on a countrywoman, and all who took any interest in the celebration were gratified to see that a very difficult piece of work, as all poems written to order must be, had been fairly performed, and that the composition gleamed here and there with lines indicating the hand of a genuine, though as yet an immature, poetess. Miss Craig has since then justified the favourable anticipations which were formed by many on the perusal of her first production, and she has now a recognised place among the minor singers of the age. We do not imagine that she will ever attain a place among the highest singers: she is not a Mrs. Browning; but her writings are sweet and thoughtful, instinct with feminine grace and feeling, and carefully finished in expression and rhythm. The most ambitious poem in her present volume is a little drama in three short acts, entitled "Duchess Agnes." The scene is laid in Bavaria in the year 1434. Duke Albrecht, son and heir of the reigning Grand Duke, falls in love with Agnes, the daughter of Carl Bernaur, barber-surgeon of Augsburg, and secretly marries her. For some time it is supposed that he is merely carrying on a light intrigue; but, when at a tournament he publicly avows her as his wife, his father, his aunt (the abbess of St. Mary's, Regensburg), and some of the grand people about the court, vehemently object, on the ground of the lady's humble origin. It is desired also to marry the young Duke to Constance von Degenberg, an orphan and ward of the Abbess, with whom, indeed, he has been carrying on a certain amount of coquetry. After awhile, the Grand Duke, relenting, sanctions the marriage with Agnes, and Duke Albrecht and his bride retire to a forest fortress of the former, and pass some months in happy idleness. But an evil fate pursues them. Agnes, on a certain stormy night, protects a poor old woman from the violence of a mob of peasants and foresters, who accuse her of being a witch. This turns the popular feeling against her, and, as she and her husband are known to entertain heretical or Hussite opinions, the animosity of the priests is provided with a pretext for getting rid of the beautiful interloper. The young wife is accordingly thrown into prison during the absence of her husband, who is sent away on a diplomatic mission; she is tried, found guilty, and drowned in the river Donau. Albrecht returns shortly afterwards, and is on the point of killing his father for having consented to this judicial murder, when the dead body of Agnes is brought in on a bier; whereupon he exclaims:—

"Henceforth I have no father, you no son.
You are more dead to me than she that lies
Between us; and between us she shall lie
A gulf impassable as yawning hell,
Till you can call the dead to life again."

* *Duchess Agnes*, &c. By Isa Craig. London: Strahan.
Ballads. By the Author of "Barbara's History." London: Tinsley Brothers.
A Dream of Idleness, and Other Poems. By W. Cosmo Monkhouse. London: Moxon & Co.
Angel Visits, and Other Poems. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
Gift Poems. By Eos. London: Hatchard & Co.
St. Thomas à Becket, and Other Poems. By John Poyer, Author of "Anti-Colenso," &c. London: Moxon & Co.
Real and Ideal. By John W. Montclair. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. London: Trübner & Co.
Eden, and Other Poems. By Alfred Dixon Toovey. London: Longmans.
Miscellaneous Poems. By George Gatfield. London: Day & Sons.
Murmurings in the May and Summer of Manhood. O'Rourke's Bride; or, the Blood-spark in the Emerald. And Man's Mission: a Pilgrimage to Glory's Goal. Poems. By Edmund Falconer. London: Tinsley Brothers.

And with a few words addressed to the corpse the drama concludes. Considered on purely dramatic grounds, "Duchess Agnes" is open to several objections. Miss Craig would probably urge that she never intended her production for an acting play; and we fully accept it as a dramatic poem, which is not to be judged by stage rules. But, even estimated by the standard which the authoress doubtless contemplated, the construction is faulty. Constance, who in the first scene appears as if she were to be the principal female character, soon fades away into a nonentity, and is only introduced in one or two subsequent scenes, without any obvious bearing on the development of the plot. There is another character—Conrad Fugger, burgher of Augsburg, an unsuccessful suitor of Agnes—who is a mere excrescence on the story, though, on his first introduction, he too seems to be of importance. At the commencement of the second act, we are told, with much solemnity of detail, that the Plague is raging; but nothing comes of it. The character of the Grand Duke could have been more powerfully and strikingly portrayed; and altogether the progress of the incidents might have been at once more naturally and more artistically managed. The authoress has bestowed her chief pains on the hero and heroine, who are beautifully and exquisitely drawn. Agnes, in particular, is as lovely as a saint in an old painting—sweet, firm, and benign, with the light of heaven and earth about her. We see her first in an inner court of a castle at Regensburg, illuminating a book as she awaits her husband's return; and these are her musings:—

"The task is done that oft hath made the hours
Of Albrecht's absence hasten to a close.
Sweet task, if e'er it took a thought from him,
The thought grew to a flower, and he would come.
When I had wrought these spring anemones,
With the faint blushes on their maiden cheeks,
We met at Augsburg. This wood-sorrel here,
I painted when I feared that we must part,
Because he was the noblest in the land,
And I a burgher maiden. Lilies white
Folded in green, my last work in the old,
And these dim violets, meaning wedded joy,
My first in the new life. What foolish fancies!
For here is potentilla, golden-eyed,
And I have ne'er been jealous: gentian,
And many that betoken bitterness.
These look as if no beauty and no worth
Were in them; but my father here hath writ
Their hidden virtues. Their strange leaves he reads
As I the crookèd characters he writes
When he himself forgets what 'twas he wrote.
How still it is here. In the market-place
The girls are selling early summer flowers.
When he is here I feel like living flower;
And when he takes my head upon his breast.
And goes, and leaves me sitting in the sun,
I feel as if he carried me away,
Plucked, on his bosom, in a little while
To wither wholly. Then he comes again,
And my life blossoms; and again he goes.
Shall it be always thus? And he may come
Once, for the last time. There is one last flower,
The way the winter comes.

I scarcely live,
For all my life has gone into his life.
I used to help my father in his work;
Help him among his herbs and chemicals;
Help him among the sick who came to him;
And love went out in life, and so the life
By love enriched, would still enrich the love.
Oh, how I wish the poor might come to me,
And be made rich; the sick and be made whole;
The little pining children be made glad;
And all out of the largesse of his love.
He does not know how I could sit by him
Upon the highest throne, and feel no higher
Than his love made me; as I would have sat
In the lowest place with him, nor deemed it low."

In a passage of great delicacy and sweetness, the Land Marshal describes the young bride's bearing at a tournament where Duke Albrecht, in answer to a message from the Grand Duke, denouncing Agnes as a light woman, proclaims her as his "truly-wedded wife," and demands that the "foul lie be cancelled:—"

"She sat apart, by all unknown,
Till in her place she rose unconsciously,
As if his voice uplifted her; and stood,
Not trembling nor triumphant, but assured
As might an angel of her place in Heaven,—
An azure mantle falling from her neck,
All white and gold her garments, and her hair
Showed in the sun; and all the people's eyes
Went worshipping the vision."

We are sure our readers will agree with us that both these passages are conceived in the kindred spirits of truth and poetry. In such lines, and in many of the small narrative poems and lyrics with which the drama is accompanied, Miss Craig shows that she has a genuine power over her art. One of her best qualities, too, consists in the negative, but very important, virtue of not aiming beyond her reach. She is content to speak to us about the beautiful, simple verities of the human heart; and her quiet, natural, translucent style is immensely refreshing after the cloudy,

thunderous abstractions and vague muttering which we find in the poetry of Sir Bulwer Lytton and others of the same school.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards is better known as the authoress of "Barbara's History" and of other novels which have attracted attention; but in the little volume now before us she proves that she can handle the more difficult material of verse with grace and effect. The ballads here printed were nearly all written for music, and we are familiar with some of them in that association. Their authoress fears that, in their new form, divorced from the melodies to which they were wedded and from "the sweet voices that sang them," they will be found "disenchanted." We cannot agree with her. Many have a music and a depth of feeling of their own, which will carry them safely into the reader's sympathies; and the longer pieces, if not high poetry, are at least good story-telling in verse.

The "Dream of Idleness, and Other Poems," of Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse, are confessedly the productions of a young writer, who says he has already "written much verse, and hopes to write more," and who puts forward this his first volume as a sort of pilot-balloon, to see how the wind lies. "I feel," he says, "that, however scornfully I may look back upon these productions in future years, I can never be entirely ashamed of them; that, however little credit they may bring me, they cannot, as far as I can judge, lead me into either dishonour or ridicule; and that they represent, for the most part, the best work of which I am capable at a time of life when any excellence to which a man may afterwards arrive is generally foreshadowed in his writings." There is something a little too complacent in this public profession of modesty; and we wish that Mr. Monkhouse had omitted his final flourish about praise and blame being "alike useful and alike welcome, if dictated by a spirit of careful candour;" otherwise, we are inclined to view his first offering very favourably. Of course, in such a work great variations of power are sure to be observable; but several of the poems are written in a strenuous spirit, and with much skill in the technicalities of the art.

"Angel Visits, and Other Poems," are pervaded by a religious one, and are frequently devoted to religious subjects. They are earnest and musical, full of thought, and animated by broad and generous sympathies; but are not, we think, devoid of that monotony which is so often the accompaniment of avowedly devotional poetry. It is the office of the poet to be religious by implication rather than by direct tuition.

Of "Gift Poems by Eos," we can only say that it would have been wiser on the part of the author to have printed them for private distribution. They are very well-intentioned, no doubt; but they are in no respect superior to the verses which find favour in small provincial coteries, but which have not a single chance of being recognised in the broad outer world.

Mr. Poyer's volume, "St. Thomas à Becket, and Other Poems," is preceded by a critical preface, in which the author falls foul of Mr. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ" (which he denounces as "a book of mere hard, dry, broken-iron sentences, with scarcely a poetic element in the entire fabric from end to end"—an opinion in which we do not think he will get many persons to agree with him), disputes Wordsworth's dictum that "there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition," and objects generally to the poetry of the present age for being materialistic, hard, dry, and inflexible. The remarks, of which we have here given a summary, are written in a singularly stilted, swollen, and affected style, and with a pretence of philosophical depth and accuracy which is sometimes amusing, sometimes annoying. We should think that Mr. Poyer is a young gentleman fresh from college, with his head full of fine-sounding phrases and High Church notions, and nourishing a delusion that he is a poet because he can spin verses, and a judge of poetry because he can talk of "postulates," "beauteous hieroglyphs," "the inner substance underlying and sustaining," &c., "that higher life which is consentaneous," &c., and the other stock phrases of would-be philosophical criticism. On turning from the Preface to the poems, we find a dreary collection of common-places, prosaic in conception, and monotonous in utterance. Mr. Poyer is certainly not very likely to reform the poetry of the nineteenth century.

"Real and Ideal" is a collection of American verses, calling for no especial notice. "Eden, and Other Poems," is partially a reprint—the whole rather common-place. The "Miscellaneous Poems" of Mr. Gatfield are the meritorious production of a working man; and Mr. Edmund Falconer's "Murmurings" will be liked by those who relish that species of verse which never sinks into imbecility, nor rises above the level of ordinary apprehensions.

MORAL TALES.*

THE authoress of "Tales Illustrative of the Beatitudes" appears to have brooded over the idea of man's mortality till everything has taken a very sombre colouring to her eye. Illness, misfortune, and death, are the constant themes of her stories; and the gloom which pervades her pictures might lead any one who was ignorant of the meaning of the word "Beatitudes" to form a very erroneous idea of the nature of the subject which she has chosen to illustrate. Her

intentions appear to be excellent, as are the lessons she teaches; and to those who cannot dissociate the ideas of religion and of melancholy, these tales will probably be highly grateful. There are readers who thoroughly enjoy the luxury of tears, and to them the book may confidently be recommended.

In "Rich and Poor" we have three or four simple stories, conceived in an affectionate spirit, and written in the plainest and most unpretending of styles, with the praiseworthy object of illustrating the duties of the rich towards their poorer brethren, through the medium of a few amiable characters, mostly of the gentler sex and of tender years. To any one looking out for "a present," as the china mugs say, "for a good girl," this little volume will be found highly appropriate.

SHORT NOTICES.

A Biographical Memoir of Samuel Hartlib, Milton's Familiar Friend; with Bibliographical Notices of Works published by him, and a Reprint of his Pamphlet entitled "An Invention of Engines of Motion." By H. Dircks, Esq., Author of "Life and Times of the Marquis of Worcester," &c. (John Russell Smith.)—All who are acquainted with the prose writings of Milton are aware that our great epic poet and Republican politician addressed his famous tract on Education to one Samuel Hartlib; but few know anything about this Hartlib, or what he did to attract the attention of such a man as Milton on such a subject as that with which he connected him. Brief memoirs of Hartlib are included in Biographical Dictionaries and bibliographical works; his name is to be found in many of the more curious and recondite books of the last two centuries; but no extended account of his life and labours in a separate form has appeared previous to the present compilation by Mr. Dircks. Hartlib, it seems, was a native of Poland, apparently of German extraction. His father was a great merchant, who, on the persecution by the Jesuits, withdrew with his family into Prussia, and Samuel, his son, first came to England about the year 1628. He soon interested himself in letters, in theological discussions, and in industrial arts, more especially with relation to husbandry; became famous as one of the most learned and ingenious men of his time; and so ingratiated himself with the popular party that he obtained from Parliament in 1646 a pension of a hundred a year, which was trebled the following year. This was granted him "in consideration of his good deserts, and great services to the Parliament;" yet the grounds do not appear to have been political. He was in truth a clever projector of plans for the improvement of arts and sciences, and for the general benefit of society; perhaps something of a dreamer; but undoubtedly an honest and an able man. Not only was he fertile in conceptions of his own brain for the good of mankind, but he readily gave the sanction of his name and the aid of his social influence to the publication of the schemes of other men, if he thought them genuine, and likely to be of service. His correspondence with the learned men of his time, both at home and abroad, was most extensive; and "he became," says Mr. Dircks, "the centre, as it were, of a large and mixed society, for whom he fulfilled duties approaching, in many respects, that of a general agent or secretary. He was in himself a kind of imaginary institution, of which he represented the proprietors, council, and all the officers; the funds, too, being wholly his own." Among his projects was one for a Philosophical College, and he began making a collection of funds to this end; but the design fell through. Like Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon, whose models in this respect he avowedly followed, he wrote a species of Utopian romance, entitled "A Description of the famous Kingdom of Macaria, showing its excellent Government, wherein the Inhabitants live in great Prosperity, Health, and Happiness; the King obeyed, the Nobles honoured, and all Good Men respected; Vice punished and Virtue rewarded." And so in projects and dreams he wore away his life; dying (after four years of physical infirmity and torture, and of miserable poverty, during which he vainly solicited relief from Parliament, and was obliged to entreat the charity of friends) about the year 1662. Of this profound scholar, bold speculator, and admirable man, Mr. Dircks has given a most interesting account, carefully compiled from "a number of little-known works. To the memoir are added a list of Hartlib's publications, some correspondence, and the pamphlet on "Engines of Motion," which, though on the title-page of the present work ascribed to Hartlib, was really the production of a person of the name of Dymock, who appears to have thought he had discovered, or nearly discovered, a species of perpetual motion, and whose work was published under Hartlib's sanction. Should Mr. Dircks's book reach a second edition, the author will, perhaps, be glad to have his attention directed to a slip of the pen at p. vii. of the Preface, where it is stated that Evelyn was requested to supply information for a Life of Hartlib "in the early portion of the seventeenth century"—which should clearly be "eighteenth."

The Irrationale of Speech. By a Minute Philosopher. (Longmans.)—Judging by the "C. K." at the end, as well as by the style, and the general tone of thought, we conceive there can be no doubt that the authorship of this reprint from *Fraser's Magazine*, of July, 1859, is due to Mr. Charles Kingsley. The essay is a very clever dissertation on stammering, its causes, and its cure. The writer speaks with honest and just indignation of the cruel method that is sometimes employed with stammering children, of being severe with them, of telling them that they can help it if they like, or of imputing to them as an affectation what is in reality a painful misfortune. Instances have been known in which this brutal or ignorant conduct has confirmed and perpetuated a habit which, had it been treated with kindness, consideration, and knowledge, might have been eradicated. Stammerers, says Mr. Kingsley, seldom live long, because the continual depression arising from the consciousness of an infirmity wears out body and mind; because the lungs, never acting rightly, do not oxygenate the blood sufficiently; and because the vital energy, being "continually directed to the organs of speech, and used up there in the

* *Tales Illustrative of the Beatitudes.* By Harriet Power, Author of "Beatrice Langton," &c. London: Hatchard.

Rich and Poor: Stories Illustrative of Relative Duties. By C. E. B., Author of "Work for All," &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

miserable spasms of mis-articulation, cannot feed the rest of the body, and the man too often becomes pale, thin, flaccid, with contracted chest, and loose ribs, and bad digestion." The old surgical system of maiming the tongue, cutting out the tonsils and uvula, &c., is denounced by Mr. Kingsley with his well-known energy of opinion and language; and the plan of cure first discovered by Mr. Hunt, of Dorsetshire, the father of the Mr. James Hunt who is now an authority on this subject, is highly commended. Old Mr. Hunt was unable to perfect his method, for want of the requisite anatomical knowledge; but he gave his son an education with a view to this special practice, and the good result has been seen in many cures. Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet should be read by all who have reason for taking an interest in the treatment of this malady.

Epoch Men and the Results of their Lives. By Samuel Neil. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)—It has become a favourite device of late years with second-rate biographical authors to gather into one volume, under some fantastic title and purely arbitrary system of association, a number of sketches of eminent men or women belonging to totally different walks of life and distinct species of intellect. These works are chiefly intended for the young; and it seems to be supposed that such readers will be attracted by the variety, and be induced to prosecute for themselves further researches into at least some of the paths thus opened to them. To us it appears more likely that volumes so composed lead to a desultory habit of mind in those who are much given to their perusal; and at any rate they are objectionable on literary grounds, for there are few writers who can extend their minds so far without becoming superficial and unsatisfactory. Mr. Neil thinks he can do good service by writing the lives of what he calls "Epoch Men"—viz., men who have mainly contributed to stamp the character of their age, and whose influence has extended to succeeding times. He therefore groups together Charlemagne, as the founder of the modern European system; Gregory VII., for his labours in establishing the Papacy; Roger Bacon, as the originator of Experimental Science; Dante, as the representative of the principle of Nationality; Chaucer, as the father of English Literature; Copernicus, as the pioneer of Modern Astronomy; Clive, for his share in creating our Indian Empire; and James Watt, as the chief inventor of the Steam-engine. It is obvious at the first glance that no mention is made of any of the representative men of antiquity, though the book does not profess to be confined to the modern world; and, at the second glance, that many of the representative men of the Christian era have been omitted. We cannot think that Mr. Neil has been very successful. His plan is either too extensive or not extensive enough; and his style, though ambitious, is rather poor.

Philosophy of Religion. By Hugh Doherty, M.D. (Trübner & Co.)—*Reasons for Rationalists.* (William Macintosh.)—Both of these brief and condensed essays are written with a view to supporting the Christian system against the attacks of free-thinkers. The more elaborate and able of the two is that by Dr. Doherty, who seems, as we infer from a passage in his treatise, to have once held Deistical opinions himself, and who is therefore the better qualified to meet the arguments of those who still retain them. He boldly enters the lists against the late Theodore Parker, the most popular and eloquent modern exponent of pure Theism, and disputes his conclusions and his reasons. Nevertheless, he is inclined, on some points, to take a view of Christian doctrine which by many would be considered unorthodox; for he will not allow the eternity of punishment (except in a sense of the word "eternal" different from what is commonly accepted); and he thinks that the ordinary opinion on this subject has had much to do with the revolt of Theism against Christianity. The other essay is feebly argued and poorly written; indeed, we cannot say that we think either very likely to make many converts from the existing forms of religious free-thinking.

The Story of Four Centuries. Sketches of Early Church History for Youthful Readers. By H. L. (Nelson & Sons.)—The author has here told, in language adapted for the young, the chief facts connected with the spread of the Christian religion in the Roman Empire during the first few centuries of our era. The narrative is mainly founded on that of Milner, and the work might not unfitly be perused by adult readers. The style is a little too flowery; but the history itself is necessarily of profound interest.

The Gas-Works of London. By Zerah Colburn, C.E., &c. (E. & F. N. Spon.)—This handy little volume is a reprint, with corrections and additions, of a series of papers originally appearing, in the year 1862, in the columns of the *Engineer*. It contains a very interesting account of gas and its production, and may be read both by the special few connected with gas-works and the large outside public.

Cressy and Poictiers; or, the Story of the Black Prince's Page. By J. G. Edgar. (S. O. Beeton.)—The late Mr. Edgar had considerable ingenuity in weaving the events of mediæval history into attractive tales for boys. The present is one of his latest efforts in that line. It has already partially appeared in the *Boy's Own Magazine*, and, being here handsomely reprinted with some effective illustrations by Robert Dudley and Gustave Doré, is no doubt destined to a career of lasting popularity among juvenile readers.

We have also received Vol. V. of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England* (Bell & Daldy);—*The World's Magnet, and Last Missing Link* (Tresidder),—a pamphlet in which it is contended that the Scriptures ought not to be translated into the vernacular;—*A Word for Christian Missions* (Rivingtons);—*Church and Party: being some Remarks on the Duty of Churchmen in and out of Parliament, with Particular Reference to the Coming General Election*; by a Lay Churchman (Same Publishers);—*Fall of the Papacy, and Rise of National Catholic Churches*,—a Reply to the Encyclical Letter of December, 1864, published simultaneously in English and French (Redford);—No. I. of *The (New York) Social Science Review*, a Quarterly Journal of Political Economy and Statistics;—Part XXV. of *Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry*, edited by Henry Watts, B.A., F.C.S. (Longmans);—No. 155 of *The Photographic Journal*;—and Part II. No. 4 of the *Sessional Papers, 1864-65*, of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE second volume of the "*Histoire de Jules César*" is almost ready for publication, the last sheets being now in the printer's office. Copies will be at once sent to the different translators in foreign countries, and the different editions will appear simultaneously about the 1st of June. It is more than probable that the short *Life of Cæsar* which the First Emperor is known to have written whilst confined at St. Helena will be given to the world in the form of a German edition, before the second volume of his nephew's work sees the light. The work from the pen of Napoleon I. will be published at Augsburg.

We observe with pleasure that the "News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution," intend holding the Annual Dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday, the 9th of May, on which occasion the President, Charles Dickens, Esq., will take the chair. This is one of the few societies that invite ladies to the dinner-table.

A new dodge to obtain money was lately practised on a publishing firm, whose offices are Piccadilly-wards. It is here noted, that the trick may be rendered sterile. A parson, or pseudo-parson, splendidly got up in the High Church style—the sere and yellow hat alone denoting the humility of the priesthood—calls ceremoniously upon the head of the firm, bringing with him a book of which the author's name does not appear, and asks if the house be inclined to reprint it. Upon a courteous refusal, the great names of the entire establishment are given as friends of the speaker, and it is added that their patronage—nay, their friendship—may be relied on as a consequence of taking the book up. Another and firmer refusal sends the visitor away; but he returns hurriedly, and, *sotto voce*, says he has left his purse behind—can the Messrs. Apollo lend him 2s. 6d.? he will leave the book, and call to-morrow. The neatness of the manipulation is too much for Apollo and Co. They lend the 2s. 6d., and get a learned but dull treatise, the most extravagant value of which is 4d.!

We have more news of M. Rénan. The Professor has visited Egypt, Syria, and Greece, and is now shortly expected in Paris. Vol. I. of his "*Lives of the Apostles*" will be published in May. The French clergy are bestirring themselves to prevent its publication, or at least to limit the circulation within their own districts.

Many of our readers will remember being startled at breakfast, some weeks ago, by a report in their newspaper of a challenge to mortal combat sent by a major in the Indian army to a quiet city solicitor who had insulted the man of war—at least, so Major Lumley considered. Well, the Muses have interfered, and we are shortly to have another document from the gallant officer, this time in the shape of a volume of poems. The same report which brings us the news, also speaks very highly of the major's literary performance. It is understood that the Messrs. Moxon, of Dover-street, will publish the volume.

Mr. J. Payne Collier's work on the old English poets hastens on to a conclusion. It will be published, we believe, by Mr. JOSEPH LILLY, the well-known bibliopole of King-street, Covent Garden. Only a small number of copies have been printed.

The "*History of the Millais Family*" is one of the latest additions to our stock of privately-printed genealogy. The editor is Mr. J. Bertrand Payne, who has devoted many years to the investigation of the history of the ancient families of Jersey. One of his last works was "*A Monograph of the House of Lempriere*," the family from which sprang the late eminent classical critic and scholar. Mr. Bertrand Payne's account of the Millais family takes the form of a handsome folio, on the softest and most delicate-toned paper, with large engravings, presented to the work by various members of the family. Perhaps the plate which will most attract is that designed and etched by the eminent artist John Everett Millais. Only fifty or sixty copies have been privately printed for presentation to friends; but we believe a few have been secured for sale by Mr. HOTTEN, of Piccadilly.

The *Sun* evening newspaper has just issued a photograph, 9 inches by 7, of its first page as it appeared on the 2nd of last January. The card forms quite a literary curiosity, and is one of the best specimens of minute typography ever published.

It may not be generally known that for some years past our great public libraries have been busy perfecting their series of American books—the volumes and tracts relating to the New World printed before the Revolution, and the various publications of importance issued in the United States and Canada since that time. The presence of an energetic American dealer here, whom the Society of Antiquaries have admitted as a Fellow, has doubtless had much to do with this. In the recent communication of the University Library, Cambridge, this American element in the yearly purchases is alluded to:—"In accordance with a vote of the Library Syndicate, May 11, 1864, duplicates to the number of 790 volumes have been sent from this library to Mr. H. Stevens, bookseller, in exchange for American literature; 932 American books have also been obtained from Mr. Stevens." The report also says that, "in the course of 1864, 413 volumes, to the amount of £42. 6s. 6d., were purchased at sales. From the lumber-room and store-room 2,123 periodicals, such as directories, army lists, law and medical lists, calendars, &c., were last year collected, arranged, and registered; 492 pamphlets were catalogued, and upwards of 22,000 small books and pamphlets were removed, registered, and placed upon shelves in the newspaper-room. Sale and other catalogues to the number of 2,000 were catalogued and put on the shelves. A large number of books and tracts, purchased at Heber's sale, in November, 1834, have at length been catalogued and arranged. Among them are 421 tracts relating to the history of Belgium, from the library of a Jesuit college in that country; 181 archaeological tracts, collected by the Abbé Barthélemy; about 1,300 political tracts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and a considerable number of scientific tracts from Bishop Dampier's library, with other tracts, medical, theological, and literary. Some progress has been made towards forming a collection of books and pamphlets printed or published at, or relating to, Cambridge. These will be bound separately, and arranged in strict chronological order."

The officers of the Bodleian library, too, have recently been making known their determination of progressing with the full catalogue of the books in that institution, which has so long been talked of and asked for. The expense of preparation appears to be the only difficulty in the way of its completion.

The Poet Laureate has thought proper to sanction here the issue of but one edition of his "Enoch Arden," whereas in the United States, in one city alone (Boston), no less than four distinct editions have been published by one house. First, the "Illustrated Edition," with nineteen full-page engravings and steel-plates; then, a "cheaper Illustrated Edition," with six plates; then, a plain, handsomely-printed edition, similar to the well-known duodecimos of Doverstreet, bound in "blue and gold"—the favourite American binding;—and, lastly, a "cheap pamphlet edition," at about 6d., for those who cannot well afford to pay more. Surely, this cannot but be a pleasant testimony to the Laureate of his wide popularity across the Atlantic.

From a Paris letter we learn that the literary people there are entering with great spirit into the lecture-system. "They reckon upon its proving as great a help to their fortune as the press or the theatre. We have M. Paul Feval, the prolific novelist, reading his tales, and M. Alexandre Dumas delivering two lectures. His first was quite a failure; orators are made, but he thought he might extemporize a lecture as easily as he extemporizes a conversation. At his second lecture he began to read from voluminous notes, and the audience expressed unequivocal dissatisfaction at hearing him read a lecture. Had he read one of his works, they would have been delighted; but to hear him read crude thoughts, expressed in unpolished language, was more than they would bear. He talks constantly of going to America. They say he will deliver lectures or read his works, and, at the same time, he will publish his journal here, illustrated profusely. He will carry six secretaries and six draughtsmen with him. I forget how many millions he reckons upon making by his transatlantic expedition. After visiting Eastern North America, he will go to Mexico, Cuba, and Brazil; thence to California, next to the Pacific Archipelago, Japan, China, India, and Australia. When one remembers that M. Alexandre Dumas is sixty-four years old, it must be confessed that his love of adventure is warmer than most young men ever felt. He has just completed his memoirs, bringing them down to 1852. They will appear, at first, in *L'Opinion Nationale*."

"The Impending Woes of Europe" is the title of a small work, issued by Mr. Stock, of Paternoster-row. It is on the subject of Scripture prophecy, as applied to modern events.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. have nearly ready "The Inferno of Dante," translated in the metre of the original, by the Rev. James Ford. The Italian text will be printed on the opposite pages of the translation, for the use of students.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN'S list of forthcoming books comprise, "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy," a Narrative and a Discussion, with Letters to Mr. Alexander Bain, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. Arthur Helps, Mr. G. H. Lewes, the Rev. H. Mansel, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. John Stuart Mill, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Newman, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others, 2 vols.; "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby, with numerous illustrations; "Judas Iscariot, a Drama;" "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, 2 vols.; "Christian Companionship for Retired Hours;" "Six Months among the Charities of Europe," with illustrations, 2 vols.; "Days of Yore," by Sarah Tytler, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," &c., 2 vols.; "The Regular Swiss Round in Three Trips," by the Rev. Harry Jones, Incumbent of St. Luke's, with illustrations; "Outlines of Theology," by the late Rev. Alexander Vinet; "Millais' Illustrations," being a collection of his drawings on wood, by E. Millais, royal 4to.; "Heads and Hands in the World of Labour," by W. Garden Blainie, D.D., Author of "Better Days for Working People;" "The Hymns and Hymn Writers of Germany," by William Fleming Stevenson, Author of "Praying and Working," with new translations of the Hymns, by George Macdonald, Dora Greenwell, and L. C. Smith, 2 vols.; and "Family Prayers for the Christian Year," by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish, in a few days, "A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States," by Fitzgerald Ross, Captain of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Messrs. MOXON & Co. will publish immediately, uniform in size and paper with "Enoch Arden," "The Romance of the Scarlet Leaf," Poems and Ballads, with Adaptations from the Provençal Troubadours, by Hamilton Auld.

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS will publish this week, in 3 vols., "Bitter Sweets," a novel, by Joseph Hatton; also, in 2 vols., "Shooting and Fishing in North America, being a Sporting Tour in 1862-3," by B. Revell.

"Essays of a Recluse; or, Traces of Thought, Literature, and Fancy," by W. Benton Clulow, will be published shortly by Messrs. LONGMAN & Co., in 1 vol.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish four "Sermons on the History and Character of David," by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Messrs. MAXWELL & Co.'s list of publications in the press comprises a new work by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrexall, Bart., in 2 vols., entitled "The Second Empire;" also a new novel by the author of "Lost Lenore," in 3 vols., entitled, "Left to the World."

M. Henri Delaborde has just published a work in two volumes, entitled "Etudes sur les Beaux Arts en France et en Italie," consisting of articles written by him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.

M. Victor Duruy has brought out at HACHETTE'S an "Introduction Générale à l'Histoire de France," which is to serve as a preface to a work in twelve volumes which he has been preparing for a long time.

HACHETTE & Co. have just published a new novel by M. Adolphe Belot, entitled "L'Habitude et le Souvenir."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ainsworth (W. H.), *The Lancashire Witches*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Ansted (D. T.), *The Applications of Geology to the Arts and Manufactures*. Fcap., 4s.
 Arabi, the Daimio: a Japanese Story. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Arnold (Rev. T. A.), *Henry's First Latin Book*. 18th edit. 12mo., 3s.
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 Bickersteth (Rev. E. H.), *Hades and Heaven*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Bitter Sweets, by J. Hatton. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Boyd (Rev. A.), *Baptism and Baptismal Regeneration*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Bowler (T. W.), *The Kafir Wars*. 4to., £3.
 Broderip (Mrs.) and Hood (T.), *Merry Songs, with Music*. New edit. 4to., 5s.
 Cayzer (T.), *One Thousand Arithmetical Tests*. 3rd edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
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 Contributions to English Literature, by Civil Servants of the Crown. Fcap., 6s.
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 Hood (T.), *Captain Masters' Children*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Howitt (Mary), *Tales in Verse*. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Lay Sermons by an M.P. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Lectures to Young Men's Christian Association, 1864-65. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Le Fann (J. S.), *Uncle Silas*. New edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
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